

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 2025.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1866.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE
ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.
NOTTINGHAM MEETING.

President—W. R. GROVE, Esq. M.A. Q.C. F.R.S. &c.

GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

Wednesday, 22nd August—President's Address at 8 p.m., in the Theatre.

Thursday, 23rd August—Sectional Meetings as usual, from the 23rd to the 28th, inclusive.

Friday, 24th August—Lecture at 8 p.m., in the Theatre, by W. H. Hooker, M.A., F.R.S. &c., on the Results of Specimen Atoms applied to the History of Botany.

Monday, 27th August—Lecture by J. D. Hooker, Esq. M.D. C.D.C. F.R.S. &c., on Innumeral Flora.

Tuesday, 28th August—Soirée in Exhibition Building.

Saturday, 29th August—Excursions to the Midland Railway Works at Derby, Eastwood, Riddings, Cinder Hill, Annesley, and Newstead Abbey.

Thursday, 30th August—Excursions to the Derwent and Wye Valleys. The Butterley Company, Charwood Forest, and Bolsover Castle.

Newstead Abbey will be open to visitors during the Meeting of the Association, except on Saturday, the 29th, and Sunday, the 30th of August, from 11 a.m. till 6 p.m. The Gardens will be open on the same days from 11 a.m. till 8 p.m.

The Reception Room, Corn Exchange, Nottingham, will be opened on Monday, August 28th, to be read, should be sent to the Assistant General Secretary, G. Garriviers, M.A., Nottingham.

Members and Associates intending to be present at the Meeting are requested to apply to the Local Secretaries, who will assist them in procuring lodgings, and will forward a railway pass, entitling them to obtain a discount from the principal Railway Companies, tickets being issued from the station on Monday, August 26th, to Saturday, September 1st, inclusive.

W.M. TINDAL ROBERTSON, Esq. M.D. Local
E.J. LOWE, Esq. F.R.A.S. &c. ^{Secretaries.}

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—THE SESSION of the FACULTY OF MEDICINE will open on Monday, October 1st. Introductory Lecture at 3 p.m. by Professor BINGER, M.D.

LECTURES FOR WINTER TERM.

Pathological Anatomy—Professor Wilson Fox, M.D. Practical Physiology and Histology—Professor HARLEY, M.D. R.S.

Medicine—Professor Jenner, M.D. F.R.S. Anatomy and Physiology—Professor Sharpey, M.D. F.R.S. Chemistry—Professor Williamson, F.R.S.

Anatomy—Professor Ellis. Comparative Anatomy—Professor Grant, M.D. F.R.S. Surgery—Mr. Marshall, F.R.S. F.L.S.

Dental Surgery—Mr. Ibbetson, M.R.C.S.E.

LECTURES FOR SUMMER TERM.

Pathological Anatomy—Professor Wilson Fox, M.D. Practical Physiology and Histology—Professor HARLEY, M.D. R.S.

Medical Jurisprudence—Professor Harley, M.D. F.R.S. Practice of Medicine—Professor Williamson, F.R.S.

Midwifery—Professor Graily Hewitt, M.D. Materia Medica—Professor Binger, M.D. Paleopathology—Professor Grant, M.D. F.R.S.

Ophthalmic Medicine and Surgery—Professor T. W. Jones, F.R.S. Ophthalmic Surgery—Mr. Marshall, F.R.S. F.L.S.

Practical Instruction in Ophthalmic Surgery—Analytical Chemistry—Professor Williamson, throughout the Session.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL.

Physicians—Dr. Jenner, F.R.S., Dr. Hare, Dr. Reynolds, Dr. Harley, F.R.S., Dr. Wilson Fox, Dr. Binger. Obstetric Physician—Dr. Graily Hewitt. Physician in the Skin Infirmary—Dr. Hillier. Surgeons—Mr. Erichsen, Mr. Marshall, F.R.S., Mr. Henry Thompson. Assistant-Surgeon—Mr. Berkeley Hill. Consulting Surgeon to the Eye Infirmary—Mr. Quain, F.R.S. Ophthalmic Surgeon—Mr. Wharton Jones, F.R.S. Assistant Ophthalmic Surgeon—Mr. J. F. Streiffeld, F.R.S. Dental Surgery—Mr. Ibbetson.

CLINICAL INSTRUCTION.

Medical Clinical Lectures by Prof. Jenner, M.D., Prof. Hare, M.D., and Prof. Graily Hewitt, M.D.; also by Dr. Reynolds, Professor of Clinical Medicine, whose special duty it is to train the pupils in the use of the instruments of the Physician.

Clinical Lectures by Mr. Erichsen, Holme Professor of Clinical Surgery, Prof. Marshall, and Mr. Henry Thompson. Lectures on Ophthalmic Cases by Mr. Wharton Jones. Ophthalmic Demonstrations by Mr. Streiffeld.

SCHOLARSHIPS, EXHIBITIONS, AND PRIZES.

ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS.

Three Entrance Exhibitions, of the respective value of 30L, 20L, and 10L per annum, tenable for two years, will be awarded upon examination to gentlemen who have commenced their first year's attendance in a Medical School. The examinations will be in Classics, Elementary Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and either French or German, at the option of the candidate.

Students of the Faculty of Arts who have obtained the Jews' Commemoration Scholarships will hold it during their attendance on the Faculty of Medicine.

AN ATKINSON MORLEY SCHOLARSHIP for the promotion of the study of Surgery, 40L, tenable for three years.

FILLITER EXHIBITION for general proficiency in Pathology, 40L, tenable for three years.

LISTON GOLD MEDAL for Clinical Surgery.

DR. FELLOWES' MEDALS for Clinical Medicine, two gold and two silver.

AND OTHER CLASS PRIZES.

Prizes and Medals. Regulations concerning the Scholarships and Exhibitions may be obtained on application, either personal or by letter, at the office of the College.

WILSON FOX, M.D., Dean of the Faculty.

CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

August 18th, 1866.

The Lecture in the Faculty of Arts will commence on Monday, October 4th.

The School will open on Tuesday, September 25th.

COLLEGES, LADIES' SCHOOLS, &c.—

Prof. A. TRIBE can undertake a few Engagements for LECTURES on EXPERIMENTAL CHEMISTRY during next Session. Private Instruction in Chemistry and the Experimental Sciences at 149, Great Portland-street, W.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—The Council give notice that the Office of HEAD-MASTER of the SCHOOL will be VACANT at Christmas next, and that they will receive Applications for the Appointment not later than Wednesday, October 17.

For information, apply to J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Secretary.

J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Secretary.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—THE SESSION WILL COMMENCE ON MONDAY, October 1st, at 8 o'clock p.m., with an Introductory Address by Mr. Herves Walton.

At this Hospital the Medical Appointments, including five House-Surgeons, the annual value of which exceeds as many Scholarships of 50L each, and a resident Registrarship at 100L per annum, are open. The Pupils will be admitted to the Medical and Optical Departments, and to Children's Ward (in the new wing). The Clinical and Pathological Instruction is carefully organised.

For Prospectus, Entry, and full Information as to Prizes, &c., apply to any of the Medical Officers and Lecturers, or to

ERNEST HART, Dean of the School.

MEDICAL EDUCATION.—THE ADDRESSES ON MEDICAL EDUCATION delivered at ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, addressed by the ARCH-BISHOP OF YORK (1864), Professor OWEN (1863), and Professor HUXLEY (1866), MAY BE OBTAINED, together with the Prospectus for the ensuing Winter Session, on application to

ERNEST HART, Dean of the School.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—WINTER SESSION.

THE INTRODUCTORY LECTURE will be given by Dr. J. W. GOULD, on MONDAY, the 1st October, at 2 p.m. Perpetual Pupil's Fee, 100L; Compounders, 90L; Dental Pupil's, 45L.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—WINTER SESSION, 1866 and '67.

A General INTRODUCTORY LECTURE will be delivered by Dr. B. B. BROWN, on October 1st, at 8 o'clock p.m., after which the Distribution of Prizes will be planned.

Gentlemen entering have the option of paying 40L for the first year, a similar sum for the second, and 10L for each succeeding year; or, by paying 90L at once, of becoming perpetual Students.

Medical Officers.

Dr. Barker, Dr. R. Risdon Bennett, Dr. Goolden, Dr. Peacock, Dr. Bristow, Dr. Barnes, Mr. Solley, Mr. Le Gros Clark, Mr. Simon, Dr. Clapton, Dr. Gervis, Mr. Sydney Jones, Mr. Croft, Mr. Mitchell.

Dr. Peacock, Surgery—Mr. Sally and Mr. Le Gros Clark, Physiology—Dr. Bristow and Mr. Ord. Descriptive Anatomy—Mr. Sydney Jones. Anatomy in the Dissecting-Room—Mr. Rainey, Mr. Croft, and Mr. W. Wagstaffe, Chemistry, Natural Philosophy and Practical Chemistry—Dr. Albert J. Berry, Dr. G. Parker, Dr. G. Parker, Dr. J. M. Simms.

Bony—Dr. W. H. Hickie, Comparative Anatomy—Mr. Ord.

Materica Medica—Dr. Clapton, Forensic Medicine—Dr. Stone, Ophthalmic Surgery—Mr. Sydney Jones. Dental Surgery—Mr. Elliott, Vaccination—Dr. Gervis, Pathological Chemistry—Dr. Thudichum. Demonstrations—Mr. Moore, Anatomy—Dr. J. W. Hickie, Microscopic Anatomy—Mr. Henry.

Students can reside with any of the Officers of the Hospital.

W. M. ORD, M.B. Dean.

R. G. WHITFIELD, Medical Secretary.

* * * For Entrances or Prospectuses, and for Information relating to Prizes and all other matters, apply to Mr. WHITFIELD, Medical Secretary, The Manor House, St. Thomas's Hospital, Newington, Surrey, S.

RAY SOCIETY.—THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the RAY SOCIETY will be held at NOTTINGHAM, on FRIDAY, August 24th, 1866, at 3 p.m.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart. F.R.S., in the Chair.

H. T. STANTON, F.L.S. F.G.S., Secretary.

NOTICE.

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY IN IRELAND.

A Meeting of the Convocation of the Queen's University in Ireland, will be held in Dublin, for the ELECTION OF A SENATOR, on the next day after the Public Meeting of the University in October, 1866.

By order of the Senate,

G. JOHNSTONE STONEY, M.A. F.R.S., Secretary.

RAWDON HOUSE, FORTIS-GREEN, JINCHEY.—The Pupils under the care of Miss HELEN TAYLOR, late of Hoddesdon, will assemble at her NEW RESIDENCE, as above, on MONDAY, September 3rd.

SOMERSETSHIRE COLLEGE, BATH.

Head-Master—The Rev. HAY S. ESCOTT, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford.

Secretary—P. C. SHEPPARD, Esq., Bathampton, Bath.

This College was founded in 1853, with the view of providing a course of education similar to that of our best public schools, with more attention to individual boys than the large forms of those schools render possible.

The distinctive character of the education actually given is sufficiently attested by the Reports of the Examiners, the Rev. J. Peville, late Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, now Head-Master of Clifton College; the Rev. R. M. Marshall, Fellow, Dean, and Tutor of Queen's College, Oxford; Prof. J. P. Hart, who did not receive a scholarship, but who has obtained honours in both the Public Examinations. Thus, in less than five years, out of eleven pupils, only eight of whom have as yet been in the Public Examinations, this College has obtained seventeen University distinctions.

PRICE THREEPENCE
Stamped Edition, 4d.

EVENING CLASSES at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London.—THE PROSPECTUS of the Classes to begin in October, for Classics, Modern Languages, Mathematics, Physical Science, History, the various branches of Law, and other subjects, is now ready, and may be obtained on application, either personal or by letter, at the office of the College, Gower-street, W.C.

CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary.

August 13th, 1866.

THE PRESS.—A YOUNG MAN, aged 29, respectfully connected and fully qualified, offers his SERVICES as Publisher, Assistant-Publisher, or Reader. Country not objected to. First-class references, and security if desired.—ALPHA, Post-Office, King-street, Covent-garden, W.C.

WANTED, by a Bookseller and Stationer, a COMPETENT ASSISTANT.—Address R. H., care of Mr. John Heywood, Publisher, Deansgate, Manchester.

TO LECTURERS.—Gentlemen having Lecture Engagements in Scotland during the ensuing Winter, or who are resident in Scotland and willing to deliver Popular Lectures on Scientific or Literary Subjects, are respectfully invited to communicate with the SECRETARY of the Aberdeen Mechanics' Institution.—Aberdeen, August 7, 1866.

WANTED, by a Young MAN of good Character, Education, and Address, to take charge of the Advertising Sheet of a religious Magazine. Salary of 90L will be given, and a Commission on the Annual Receipts. No. need apply who cannot give good references, and a letter of guarantee for intromissions from some responsible person. Applicants should state age; whether possessing any knowledge of the Bible, Tracts in the Town, or general advertising; and whether by subscription or not, or for outside or local work. It is desirable that a Portrait be enclosed; this will be returned to the sender.—Address M.A., care of Messrs. C. Mitchell & Co., Newspaper Press Directory Offices, 19 and 20, Red Lion-court, Fleet-street, E.C.

A PROSPECTUS of a New Work on the LIFE and WRITINGS of SHAKESPEARE, printed for Subscribers only, to be profusely illustrated by Wood Engravings, will be sent free to any persons forwarding their Names and Addresses, legibly written, to J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., No. 6, St. Mary's-place, West Brompton, near London.

NOTICE.—THE PUBLIC SCHOOL LATIN PRIMER, with the sanction of the Head Masters of the Public Schools, and in the name of the Committee, will be published on Thursday next, the 23rd instant, price Half-a-Crown.—The Publishers beg leave to state that the Book to which objections have appeared in several Journals was a mere PROOF COPY of the PRIMER, confidentially circulated for private criticism, and that the PRIMER itself has undergone much alteration, before the objections were made. The work has since undergone thorough revision, with special reference to criticism, and improvements suggested by many scholars engaged in classical instruction; the result being, that a large number of those who have been in the habit of entertaining some objection to the PRIMER have expressed general approbation of the revised PRIMER.—London: LONGMANS and CO.

LITERARY PROPERTY.—Any one wishing to embark Capital, and assist in a Church and State Periodical of a political and literary nature, may hear of an advantageous opportunity for so doing on applying to E. E. L. COLEMAN, Messrs. ADAMS & FRANCIS, Advertising Agents, 40, 50, Fleet-street, E.C.

TO NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS.—A MANAGER with ten years' experience and connection, is open an ENCLAGE for the highest references can be given. Address X. Y., care of Adams & Francis, Advertising Agents, 50, Fleet-street, E.C.

TO BE DISPOSED OF, a PART of an old-established PROVINCIAL JOURNAL, of good circulation, making a large annual net profit, and of the highest reputation. It is now in the hands of a Proprietor who has attached the Office, and complete with Machinery both for Newspaper and Job-work (by steam-power, Presses, Type, &c., and all requisites). Satisfactory references will be required, and every requisite information given. The advertiser would prefer treating with principals.—Apply by letter, stating full particulars, addressed to NEWSPAPER IMPRINTERS, care of Messrs. TICHENOR, WHITES & REED, 13, Barge-yard Chambers, Bucklersbury, London.

THE LONDON COLLEGE of the INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION SOCIETY (Limited).

Head-Master—Dr. L. SCHMITZ, Ph.D. LL.D. F.R.S.E., late Rector of the High School of Edinburgh.

Master.

Thomas Coxe M.A. Dr. E. Althaus.

Frederick Gilliland, B.A. Mr. J. T. Dugan.

W. F. Barrett.

This COLLEGE will RE-OPEN on TUESDAY, the 18th of September.

It is situated at Spring-grove, Middlesex, W., near the Spring-grove Station on the South-Western Railway, eight miles by road from Hyde Park-corner, and two from Kew or Richmond.

For Prospectuses, and further Information, apply to Dr. L. SCHMITZ, at the College, Spring-grove; or to the Secretary, at the Society's Office, 24, Old Bond-street, W.

NEW REFORM CLUB.—Temporary ACCOMMODATION has been provided, and is now open for the Members at DRAPER'S HOTEL, 29, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, pending the alteration and fitting up of the Club-rooms, now in the possession of Mr. J. C. Atkinson, Esq., at 10, Jermyn-street, St. James's, from whom Prospectuses and any Information on the subject may be obtained.

REV. W. M. THOMPSON'S POPULAR LECTURES.—Martin Luther and The Holy Land, with large, brilliantly-illuminated Disolving Pictures, and a series of 120 illustrations, by Revs. Samuel Martin, S. Thorn, M.A., &c. Dr. Campbell, Dr. Linton, &c. Prospectus, Terms 10s. 6d. and 12s. 6d. High-street, Pimlico, S.W.



QUEEN'S COLLEGE, LONDON,
67 and 68, HARLEY-STREET, W.
Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1833, for the General Education
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Her Majesty, the QUEEN.

H.R.H. the PRINCESS of WALES.

Visitors.—The Lord Bishop of London.

Principal.—The Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster.

Lady Resident—Miss Parry.

Committee of Professors.

Antonio Bigni.
W. Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc.
The Rev. W. Benham, A.C.C.L.
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The Rev. M. Meyrick, A.C.C.L.
W. Cave Thomas.

Henry Warren.

Gottlieb Weil, Ph.D.

The Rev. H. White, A.C.C.L.

The COLLEGE will RE-OPEN for the Michaelmas Term on THURSDAY, October 4.

Individual Instruction is given in Vocal and Instrumental Music to Pupils attending at least one Class. Special Conversations in Modern Languages will be

formed on the entry of each Pupil.

Pupils are admitted from the age of thirteen upwards.

Arrangements are made for receiving Boarders.

Prospects, with full particulars as to Fees, Scholarships,

Classes, &c., may be had on application to Miss MILWARD, at the College Office.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE SCHOOL,
67 and 68, HARLEY-STREET, W.

Lady Superintendent—Miss Hay.

Assistant—Miss Walker.

The CLASSES of the SCHOOL will RE-OPEN on THURSDAY, September 21.

Pupils are received from the age of Five upwards.

Prospects, with full particulars, may be had on application to Mrs. WILLIAMS, at the College Office.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

EDUCATIONAL HOME.—PAU, Basses-Pyrénées, France.—Two accomplished and experienced English Ladies have made arrangements to RECEIVE a few YOUNG LADIES, for whom a mild climate is sought. They offer superior Educational advantages, joined to especial attention to all that can insure the health and comfort of those entrusted to them. Inquiries may be made to obtain the names of the schools in England, ready to give ample references, and to make arrangements for the ensuing season.—Address M. F., 9, Montpellier-crescent, Brighton.

A LADY, of great experience in Tuition, desires a RE-ENGAGEMENT as GOVERNESS. She is of the Established Church, and is willing to make satisfactory arrangements of Principle and Ability. She professes to teach English, French (acquired during a residence of some years in France), German, and Italian. Music thoroughly, though not a performer. She is also well versed in the literature of her own and other Countries.—Address C. T., Mr. Hughes, Bookseller, 8, Park-street, Regent's Park.

DENMARK HILL GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
near LONDON.

Principal—C. P. MASON, B.A. F.C.P.,
Fellow of University College, London.

At the above-named School, Boys of Seven to Eighteen years of age receive a sound and careful Education, and are prepared for the Universities, for the liberal Professions, and for Mercantile pursuits. The Domestic arrangements are of the most liberal scale, and the school is surrounded by above seven acres of land—the greater part of which is appropriated to the boys' playgrounds and cricket-field.

SCHOOL will RE-OPEN on THURSDAY, Sept. 19. Prospects may be obtained at the School, and of Messrs. Reff Brothers, School Booksellers, 150, Aldersgate-street, E.C.

THE COMMERCIAL, ENGINEERING and SCIENTIFIC COLLEGE, CHESTER, offers a thoroughly sound English Education, together with instruction in the Modern Languages and Classics.

In the Upper Classes particular attention is given to Mathematics, Mechanics, Chemistry, Physical Science, and Drawing.

The College has been recognized by the Secretary of State for India, "as possessing efficient Classes for Civil Engineering, Chemistry, and Physics."

Apply to the Rev. ARTHUR RIGG, College, Chester.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—A Married Clergyman, for many years engaged in Tuition, would be glad to hear of Companions to two little Boys, whom he now has preparing for a Public School. Inclusive terms from Eighty Guineas. Address Rev. M. E., care of Mr. G. Street, 30, Cornhill, London.

QUEEN WOOD COLLEGE,
near STOCKBRIDGE, HANTS.

The Course of Study embraces the ordinary English branches, Drawing, Land Surveying, the Classical and Modern Languages. The Natural Sciences and Practical Chemistry form a prominent feature, and instruction in them is very efficiently provided for.

For terms and further particulars, apply to CHARLES WILLMORE, Principal.

EDUCATION.—OAKLEY HOUSE, WELINGTON-PLACE, READING.

The next Session will commence on Thursday, September 20th.

Mr. WATSON will be happy to forward references, &c., on application.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—Mr. WILLIAM WATSON, B.A., formerly of Oakley-square, London, will be able to RECEIVE, on or after September 20th, TWO ADDITIONAL PUPILS, to prepare for Matriculation or for Degrees in Arts, Terms, 13*l.* a month.—For particulars apply to Mr. WATSON, Oakley House, Wellington-place, Reading.

LONDON UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.—A Wrangler and Classical Scholar, Graduate of Cambridge University, experienced in tuition, prepares EVENING PUPILS for the above Examinations.—Address E. R., 9, Regent's Park-terrace, N.W.

DEAF and DUMB.—A Private Tutor receives one Deaf-and-Dumb PUPIL to be educated with his six Private Pupils. He has been most successful in this the only rational method of teaching those thus afflicted.—Address X. Y. Z., Mr. Willis, Bookseller, 42, Charing Cross.

THE ATHENÆUM for GERMANY and EASTERN EUROPE.—Mr. ALPHONS DU RR, of LEIPZIG, begs to announce that he has made arrangements for a weekly supplement to THE ATHENÆUM, entitled "THE GERMAN ATHENÆUM." Subscription will be 1*l.* for three months; 3*sh.* for six months; and 6*sh.* for twelve. Issued at Leipzig on Thursday.

Orders to be sent direct to ALPHONS DU RR, Leipzig, Germany.

* * * German Advertisements for the ATHENÆUM Journal also received by ALPHONS DU RR, as above.

MENTAL AFFECTIONS.—A Physician, residing within an easy distance of London by rail, has at the present time VACANCIES in his house for TWO LADIES and ONE GENTLEMAN. This House has been established over 60 years for the reception of ten high-class Patients only.—Address M. D., care of Messrs. Whicker & Blaise, 67, St. James's-*st.*, S.W.

TO THE FRIENDS of EPILEPTIC and other INVALIDS.—Superior ACCOMMODATION, with cheerful society and judicious management. First-rate medical references.—Apply to X., 16, Gloucester-crescent, Gloucester-gate, N.W.

GRATIS and POST FREE, a NEW CLASSIFIED LIST of Two Thousand MICROSCOPIC OBJECTS, first-class specimens, prepared and sold by EDMUND WHEELER, 35, Wellington-road, Holloway, N.

TELESCOPE.—WANTED, a good ACHROMATIC, with Appendages. Object-glass at least 5 inches. Tube not to exceed 8*ft.* Post-Office, Comrie, Crieff.

THE UNITED LIBRARIES, 307, Regent-street, W.—Subscriptions from One Guinea to any amount, according to the supply required. All the best new books, English, French, and German, immediately on publication. Prospects, with Lists of New Publications and Catalogues of Chapel Books, Bibles, Free-Bibles, Cucrros, Houscos, and SAUNDERS & OLIVER'S United Libraries, 307, Regent-street, near the Royal Polytechnic Institution.

A DAMS & FRANCIS insert ADVERTISEMENTS in all the London, Country, Colonial, and Foreign Newspapers and Periodicals.

* * * Terms, for transacting business, and List of London Papers, to be had on application to—ADAMS & FRANCIS, 58, Fleet-street, E.C.

MR. CURT, Numismatist and Linguist, of 39, GREAT PORTLAND-STREET, lately returned from the Continent, has Catalogued some valuable Coins. TO BE SOLD by Messrs. SOTHERY, WILKINSON & HODGE, on Monday and Tuesday next, including Mary's rare Angel, Knights of Malta in gold, &c. &c.

SHELLS, FOSSILS, MINERALS.—Mr. R. DAMON, of WEYMOUTH, will, on application, send an abridged CATALOGUE of his extensive Stock, in the following Departments:—

1. FOREIGN SHELLS.
2. BRITISH SHELLS.
3. FOSSILS AND ROCKS.
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GEOLGY.—ELEMENTARY COLLECTIONS, to illustrate the New Edition of "Lyell's Elements of Geology" and facilitate the important study of Mineralogy and Geology, can be had at 2*l.*, 5*sh.*, 10*sh.*, 20*sh.*, 30*sh.* to One Guinea; also, single Specimens of Minerals, Rocks, Fossils and Recent Shells, Geological Maps, Hemispheres, and recent Publications, &c., of J. TENNANT, Mineralogist to Her Majesty, 149, Strand, London. Private Instruction is given in Mineralogy and Geology by Mr. TENNANT, F.G.S., 149, Strand, W.C.

THE WELLESLEY MANUSCRIPTS.—Mr. QUARITCH, 15, Piccadilly, London, has just bought the major and most valuable portion of the extensive Collection of MANUSCRIPTS of the late Rev. Dr. WELLESLEY. Principal of New Hall, Oxford. The Collection includes a curious ALBUM of 1000 Vellum Leaves, ALBUMS of MANUSCRIPTS; English County Manuscripts illustrative of Bedfordshire, Hertfordshire, Shropshire, and Welsh Families; a remarkable series of Italian Armorial, especially of the Noble Families of Padua, Venice, and Genoa; an early English Manuscript of the Knights of the Order of the Garter; Henry VIII. and Henry VII. of York; a series of MSS. of the XVth and XVIIth Centuries, consisting of Poetry, by famous English Heralds; Armorials of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; now on view at Mr. QUARITCH'S establishment, 15, Piccadilly, London.

EUROPEAN MANUSCRIPTS. Early Printed Books, Curiosa, Livres d'Heures, Books on Palaeography, Bibliography, and Religious Writings. A CATALOGUE of these Works just issued, gratis. It contains many articles of extreme RARITY and INTEREST, collected and offered for Sale by BERNARD QUARITCH, Bookseller, 15, Piccadilly, London.

The Catalogue of the Series will comprise Mr. Quaritch's entire stock of 20,000 fine-class Works, Library, Collectors, and Savants, desiring to receive the complete Series, should favour him with 3*sh.* in stamps to secure the free delivery by post.

THE TOPOGRAPHICAL and GENEALOGICAL LIBRARY of the late Rev. JOHN M. GRESLEY, M.A., sometime Rector of Seile, Leicestershire, and late Master of Etwall Hospital, Derbyshire, a Choice Selection of this Library is now ON VIEW at Mr. QUARITCH'S, No. 15, Piccadilly, including a set of the—

Antislavery Society's Publications, 8 vols. 1835—62, very rare.

Baker's Northamptonshire, 9 vols. folio, large paper, 1822—41.

Book of St. Albans, folio, 1810, very rare.

Gentleman's Magazine, 1745—1860.

Stemmat. Sylvestri, or Annals of the Shirley Family, 4to.

printed in 1700—1702.

Nicols' History of Leicestershire, 4 vols. in 9, folio, uncut,

very desirable, and excessively rare in that state.

Mr. GRESLEY'S Valuable MANUSCRIPT NOTES, above 600 beautiful and carefully written pages, uniform in size with the above, History of the County of Leicestershire, History, Drawings of Seats, Coats of Arms, &c., additional Pedigree, the result of many years' labour and research, evidently intended for publication.

Thomas' History of Leicestershire, folio, 1677; or 3 vols. 4to. 1787.

Shaw's Staffordshire, 8 vols. folio, uncut.

BERNARD QUARITCH, 15, Piccadilly, W.

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London: ALEXANDER STRAHAY.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1866.

LITERATURE

Invitations to Nottingham. (Private Manuscript.)

WHEN Herr Nennich was in course of those travels through England, an account of which he published at Tübingen, in 1799, he arrived in sight of the Queen of the Midland district, beautiful Nottingham. Having looked at it for a while, he remarked, "That seems to me the most ancient city that I have yet seen in all England." There were people well enough up in popular history to tell the traveller that the town was built by that restless, hard-fighting and town-building son of Alfred, King Edward. Such an assertion would not at all suit the antiquarian eye of Nennich. Nottingham built 924 years after Christ! "Nay," said the traveller, "it was a town a thousand years before Christ. It is a fact, and John Rowse has recorded it."

School chronological histories, however, continue to make King Edward the founder of that important city, if we may so call it, where, next week, the philosophers of the Isles, and of continents beyond, will be assembled. The Saxon chroniclers, however, afford no authority as to the foundation of such an alleged fact. No doubt, in 924, the King and a certain number of clerical and scientific men were abroad in the Nottingham meadows, making plans and giving directions. They were about—not to found a new town, but to add a new half to an old one. On the north side of the river there had been a town, perhaps before Menestheus reigned in Athens, long previous to the first Olympiad, or the birth of Romulus! John Rowse at least thinks so; but speculation is useless on the matter. If there be truth in the legend, one would like to know something of the manners and customs of the old and young people; how they lived, how they made love, how they did not dress, how they cooked their hips and haws, and what good liquor they swallowed with that primitive diet. Meanwhile, by way of confirmation of the fact of an ancient British city here, its name has come down to us in its British form of "Tiggocabau." Its equivalent is "House of Caves"; and how well this describes the spot on which the old town and castle stood, will not only be seen by the philosophers who inspect "Mortimer's Hole," and hear the silly story repeated, that through that House of Caves he found his way to the stately bower of the stern Isabella, but also by those who visit the Church Cemetery, constructed out of the old caves, still popularly called "the Druids," a city of the dead, its silent burgesses in the rock, stone-girt as at Petra.

When the conquering son of Alfred subdued a revolted city on one side of a river, he created another on the opposite side,—an opposition city, partly military, partly commercial, to awe and to stimulate. This he did at Nottingham. He united the two towns by a bridge, making of them one. He settled as many Danes in them as Saxons. Enemies then became friends; we cannot doubt that the old people entered into many a partnership, and the young people followed the example of their parents. The shy Olga learned to raise her soft blue eyes in trusting love upon the straight-limbed Saxon, Edwy; and on the broad chest of the Danish Scioi lay the fair head of his young wife, Ethelfleda, "like Hebe in Hercules' arms." Of such ancestry (with a cross of wholesome Pagan blood) comes the present

Nottinghamshire race. The Norman and other admixtures could add nothing to its nobility.

This town will be, for a week, in the hands of the philosophers. It could not be better possessed, for was not the father of the founder of half of it one of the fathers, also, of British philosophy? Did he not originate our naval power, devise a body of laws, restore learning by restoring Oxford, and make a survey of England which very much helped the authors of Domesday Book?

From the first Pagan chief who looked abroad from his earthworks on the Castle rock, down to the reforming era of thirty-four years ago, when the Nottingham rioters burned down the modern edifice, there has been more of bloodshed and sad memories about the old place than of peaceful festival and joyous hopes. King John had a tough fight for it, just before he was king. In 1323, indeed, Edward the Second held a magnificent Christmass feast there with the nobles of the kingdom, "cum regi proceribus," and there was not wanting any outward sign or sound of utmost jollity. The former could be seen in the flaunting banners, the latter heard in the shouts of the revellers, by the quieter townsfolk below. But the shadow of death was over the master of the feast, and while he flung himself back in unreserved laughter, there were men there who stimulated his mirth, but by whose hands he was to die so terribly, some few years after, in Berkeley Castle.

Even when the Nottingham citizens saw a parliament, such as parliaments then were, assemble up at the Castle, and hoped to increase their stock of nobles by the knights and other dignified people who resorted to, lodged in, or passed through the town, there was more grief than gladness came of it. Whatever brilliant but brief flash of commercial prosperity passed over them, gloom and shadow succeeded. Such parliaments seldom broke up without fleecing the people; and when the traders counted their gains, they had to remember the last act passed up at the Castle, by virtue of which every fifteenth penny was taken from the *plebs*, and every tenth from all who ranked as citizens in the municipal towns of England.

There was, indeed, once a very joyous-looking assembly beneath the roof of the old castle, namely, when Richard the Second invited his most intimate friends around him, and the town was made glad by the attendant outlay, the feastings, and the riding to and fro. The royal party broke up, and no man heard the slightest insinuation that a new tax had been levied on the people. Merry, however, as they had been up at the Castle, business of a very serious nature had been transacted there. The King there arranged the seizure and the murder of his uncle, Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester; that cruel murder, for which Kent, Rutland, Huntingdon, and Somerset won their steps in the peirage, and for superintending which the Earl who took his territorial title from Nottingham, Thomas Mowbray, was raised to the rank of Duke of Norfolk. This was in the year 1397, and the Duke died, two years afterwards, at Venice, of grief, but not for having murdered the prince. The heralds, however, have never lost sight of the descendants of that prince slain by the last Mowbray whose title came from the county of Nottingham. Philosophers themselves may smile sadly at the reflection that these heralds found the representative of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, in Stephen Penny, the sexton of St. George's burial-ground, Bayswater. Of all genealogical freaks, this, perhaps, is the most curious; the descendant of Edward the Third

and Philippa of Hainault digging graves for a livelihood!

And this reminds us that when that Edward the Third was old, a year or two only before his death, when Alice Ferrers was as saucy and imperious as ever the Du Barry was with Louis the Fifteenth and his people, there was carried through Nottingham, up to the Castle, a prisoner, at whom the citizens stared in respectful wonder; but they felt much indignation at the woman who was the cause of his captivity. For a stern word uttered to this Alice, Petrus de la Marc, Speaker of the House of Commons, or holding office equivalent to that called so now, was thrown into the keep of Nottingham Castle, where he lingered a couple of years. The castle, indeed, was seldom without a noble prisoner. Many a stout-hearted abbot who refused to yield the charters of his monastery to the king has pined through long, dreary months in the castle that once dominated the town. Across the meadows, or down upon the busy town itself, the glance of these religious captives was directed, but they seldom saw relief in the distance. Liberty was only to be bought by submission, and that duly observed, the poor man, like the Abbot of Bury, might wend homeward again, over the meadows or through the town, even as it pleased him.

The importance of knowing local history and of being acquainted with the whereabouts of one's dwelling was never better illustrated than when Queen Isabel and Mortimer Earl of March—the alleged wickedness of both of whom must not be accepted without reserve—occupied the castle. They lay close within, and a number of their enemies lay as close without, anxious to get at them. Queen Isabel ridiculed their efforts, and slept soundly. She had no lack of friends in whom she could trust, but she made assurance doubly sure; and she not only saw, as the chronicler quoted by Dering informs us, that "the yats of the castel were loken with lokys," but she sent every night for the "kayes," which turned the bars in the locks of those gates, and "layde them under the chensel of her beddis heude unto the morrow." In the mean time, young King Edward and Queen Philippa were below, near the market-place; and the members of the parliament he had assembled in the town had nothing better to do than look up at the castle and wonder how they might get at the contumacious people who were therein. Isabel every morning took the keys from under her pillow, rattled them gaily, and as she gave them into the hands of her constable, Sir William Eland, she laughed to scorn all her enemies gathered together in and about Nottingham market-place.

Isabel and Mortimer might have been safe if it had not been for the villany of Eland. The constable was gained by the King's agent, Sir William Montacute. There was no chance, he said, of drawing the keys from beneath Isabel's head, "but yet I knowe," said he, "another weye, by an aleye that stretchith oute of the warde under the earthe into the castell, that goeth into the waste." This was the passage through the caves in the rock which now goes by the name of *Mortimer's Hole*, with the absurd tradition adopted by Mrs. Colonel Hutchinson attached to it, that it was the way by which the gallant (?) Mortimer reached the bower of the light lady Isabel. Of this passage of caves, however, Eland said to Montacute that "neither Queen Isabel, ne none of her meayne, ne the Mortimer ne none of his company knoweth it not." Upwards, through these caves, the party went who surprised the Earl and the lady. Shortly after, Mortimer was carried down the same passage, and hurried off

to the gallows awaiting him in London. Isabel was conveyed away by the road which ultimately brought her to a prison-home in Castle Rising. Edward and his train rode away to Leicester, Nottingham was once more left in quiet, and the citizens explored the passage through the rocks, and merrily laughed as they tried to pronounce the rough old British name of Tiggocobae.

There were two especial occasions when the streets of the old town were crowded by men who had assembled for sterner purposes than settling questions of philosophy. The first of these occasions was in August, 1485. Nottingham was all alive, trembling or rejoicing at the presence of some few thousands of men whom Richard the Third had assembled there at his head-quarters. The Silver Boars that bristled on his flags became the "Blue Pigs" of the taverns, a sign that has not yet become quite extinct. Richard and his men were about to go forth to fight that decisive battle, for which the field was ultimately found within a week, at Bosworth, where neither the better cause nor the better man triumphed, if the merits of both are to be judged by the standard of men and morals of the time. On the 16th of August, of the above-named year, there was no man in Nottingham who was not up and doing, or up and looking at the doings of the more active. Richard's own armourer must have had a difficult task to accomplish, if it be true that his master insisted on wearing the armour he had worn at Tewkesbury. The battle of Tewkesbury was fought fourteen years before that of Bosworth. The young Duke of Gloucester, of the former fight, was nineteen years of age; Richard the Third, arming at Nottingham, was three and thirty. A doublet of the first period might have been easily accommodated to Richard's person by a Nottingham tailor; but an armourer, suddenly called to suit the harness of a boy to the bulk and thews and sinews of a full-grown man, must have had a tougher job of it. But, whatever the suit, Richard rode through the town to the open country, clad like a king and a warrior. The Silver Boar sparkled on his banners. The gazers at his passage through the streets flung up their caps, or held their voices mute, according as their judgments, caprices or impulses prompted them. They were, altogether, glad to see him gone.

It may be mentioned, by the way, that by the death in the Tower (if he died in the Tower) of the little Duke of York, the town lost its Earl, a title which the boy acquired when he was betrothed to the child Anne Mowbray. Once only besides has the earldom of Nottingham belonged to the son of a king, and then the earl was illegitimate. It was among the titles which Henry the Eighth conferred on his much-loved son (Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond) by Mistress Blount, who was afterwards Lady Taillebois and then Countess of Lincoln. The title was more worthily bestowed on the Armada Admiral, Charles Howard of Effingham. It was borne by three Charles Howards before it passed to the Finches, in the second of whom the earldom of Nottingham became united with the earldom of Winchelsea.

Richard chose Nottingham for his headquarters because it so pleased him; but when Charles the First set up his standard at Nottingham, in 1642, it was because the selfish royalists of Yorkshire respectfully urged him to be gone, as they did not relish the idea of their county being made the seat of war. How calamitous was the royal progress to Nottingham, Clarendon has told as graphically as the matter can be narrated. On the 25th day of August, two hundred and twenty-four

years will have elapsed since the King and his friends declared war against the Parliament, on the spot where philosophers and their friends will be promoting ends very different from those contemplated by war. "Upon the 25th day of August," says Clarendon, "the standard was erected, about six of the clock in the evening of a very stormy and tempestuous day. The King himself, with a small train, rode to the top of the Castle hill. Varney, the knight-marshall, who was standard-bearer, carrying the standard, which was then erected in that place, with little other ceremony than the sound of drums and trumpets; melancholy men observed many ill presages about that time. There was not one regiment of foot yet levied and brought thither, so that the trained bands which the sheriff had drawn together was all the strength the King had for his person and the guard of the standard. There appeared no conflux of men in obedience to the proclamation; the arms and ammunition were not yet come from York; and a general sadness covered the whole town, and the King himself appeared more melancholy than he used to be. The standard itself was blown down the same night it had been set up, by a very strong and unruly wind, and could not be fixed again in a day or two till the tempest was allayed. This was the melancholy state of the King's affairs, when the standard was set up."

If we turn now from incidents of war and rebellion to those of peace and order, we may, therewith, remark that philosophy, which looks with a curious eye at the condition of those who live by agricultural labour, will perhaps be surprised to learn in what relation the Nottinghamshire tenants were towards their lords in the reign, for example, of Henry the Fourth. It was the custom and service of that time that tenants, bond and free, holding a bovate of land, ought to plough and harrow one day in the year for their lord, receiving for their pains threepennyworth of wheaten bread and pease. We must convert the pence into shillings to get at the value of such wage in modern coin. At other times of the year, sowing and weeding were to be done for the lord for similar gerdon; and the tenants made and carried the lord's hay, and reaped and stacked his corn, for which they had, with other good things, fourpence to drink and a pair of white pigeons! But there was something even more of Arcadia (shall we say of Cockayne?) in old Nottinghamshire than this, at the time above indicated. There were thirteen acres in the lord's meadows at Northyng, which were annually mown for him by four-and-twenty tenants. At the end of each day the mowers repaired to the prebendal house to refresh the inward man. The bill of fare, a sort of tenant-labourers' charter, comprised bread, beer, potage, beef, pork, and lamb, for the first course; for the second, broth, pigs, ducks, and either roast lamb or veal. After dinner they sat and drank, with liberty to leave the hall three times, and return as often to drink as much more as they could carry under their girdles. As if this were not enough, a bucket, containing eight flagons and a half of beer, was then borne in joyous procession from the prebendal house, through the town, to the meadows, where various plays were then carried on. At the termination of all, the lord presented each of the tenants with a pair of white gloves; not such flimsy things as form part of modern "dress," but gauntlets of stout leather, not one stitch of which would go in a year's dancing with the most romping of Cicelys, nor, indeed, in a year's labour between the handles of a plough, or with billhook at hedging, or heavy spade-work in the most clayey of soils. If any doubt this halcyon

condition of tenant-labourers, they are referred to a copy of the document, where the customs are narrated, at great length, in Dickinson's "Antiquities" (1804). There are certainly no modern instances of such rural good-living, unless, indeed, it be in the neighbourhood of Neufchâtel, where Swiss peasants now earn a pound sterling per week, and drink their two bottles of wine daily!

Hundreds of persons who will next week be enjoying the abundant hospitality of their Nottingham hosts will not be surprised to hear that the old magnates of the town had always a fine appreciation of the wants of hungry men and the method of satisfying them. At the opening of King James's reign, when Nottingham got a new Recorder, Sir Henry Pierrepont, the municipality invited him to the Hall to receive a testimonial in public from their hands. When Sir Henry put forward his own to receive it, the officers of the Council set before him, not a service of plate, but a loaf of sugar worth 9s., twenty-pennyworth of lemons, a gallon of white and a gallon of claret wine, at little more than half-a-crown the gallon, with a potle of muscadine and sack,—the whole together being of the value of 20s. 8d.! Thus, at the beginning of his office, the Recorder was not presented with a congratulatory silver pitcher, whence to quaff his Rhenish and Malvoisy at home; but there was placed before him a significant hint that among the duties of office that of good drinking with the corporation was not to be omitted. Not that they despised the more substantial pleasures of the table, as they delicately suggested in 1604 to the Earl of Shrewsbury, son of him who had had Mary Stuart in his keeping. After thinking what would be the most suitable present for an Earl who had an appetite and loved to satisfy it, the Nottingham Council, solemnly assembled, presented him, as the record says, with "a veal, a mutton, a lamb, a dozen of chickens, two dozen of rabbits, two dozen of pigeons, and four capons." If the Earl carried away his gift with him, he must have looked like a Chapman about to open stall in the market-place; but the probability is that at full noontide he and the donors sat down and consumed the good things together, while Nottingham bells rang merry peals, to quicken their blood, stimulate appetite, and help digestion.

It is one of the most remarkable facts in corporation annals that this Nottingham municipality, so liberal in feeding others, half starved itself. For instance, on Michaelmas Day, when the old mayor transferred his power to his successor, there was more of formality than of feasting. The mace lay on a black cloth under a heap of bay-sprigs and rosemary. This was called the *burying of the mace*. When the new mayor had been duly elected, his predecessor took the old symbol from its fragrant grave, kissed it tenderly, as an abdicating sovereign might do the sceptre which he was loth to resign, and handed it over to the new municipal monarch. After some other ceremonies came the banquet, which was Spartan in its nature. There were numerous guests, but the fare was frugal. Bread and cheese satisfied the appetite. Pipes and tobacco were added as hospitable luxuries. Not a word is said of liquour appliances. "Fruit in season" moderately adorned the board; but of "jolly good ale and old," of Rhenish or Malvoisy, even of punch, to which the chaplain himself could not have objected, there is no mention. And yet it is not to be supposed that the "flowing bowl," the "mantling cup," the "regal purple stream," goblets, bumpers, and all the rest of the properties of jollity celebrated in song, were wanting. The Nottingham aldermen surely did

not take the pipes from their mouths merely to put Ribston pippins into them!

These men and their fellow townsmen, whatever they may or may not have drunk, were celebrated for their industry. Nottingham has been, in all times, noted for its steady, persevering and successful workers. Labour and the fruits of labour seem to flourish among them spontaneously, like the crocuses that yearly gladden the Nottingham meadows. In spring time, such of these meadows as have not been invaded by contractors and builders are converted into a seeming lake of violet crocuses. Over the green of the fields, Flora throws a mantle of the freshest and most delicious hue. The consequent delight influences more senses than one. There is a charm for the eye, and a charm for the ear in the songs of the birds that hang enchanted above the magic carpet; and there is another charm besides, for at every foot-step made among the flowers a sweet incense arises from the crushed petals, sweet as the air wafted from the Spice Islands over the sea. Nottingham thus becomes truly Flower Town, the English Florence, for young and old go forth to collect and carry away the precious treasure of the fields—a treasure which springs spontaneously nowhere else save on the spreading Inches of Perth. With the young, it is a period of high festival. They plunge through the sea of petals, gathering heaps of odorous beauty as they pass. She is queen who finds a white crocus among her violet-hued sisters; but all return laden with sweets to the town, joyous beneath their double burthen, and rich in the two-fold fragrance of youth and of flowers.

Let us add of the Park here that, in the proper sense of the word, that of Nottingham, so called, has had no existence for many centuries. Even in Charles the First's time, when the castle itself was nothing more than a prison in ruins, and the older castle of Isabel and Mortimer was crumbling in more ancient ruin above it, there was neither deer nor tree in Nottingham Park. There were one or two half-withered trees, indeed, and one of these was planted, so ran the story, by Richard before he marched out of Nottingham, on his way to Leicester. When the Commonwealth soldiers occupied the castle ruins, they looked curiously at this tree, which, from root to top, was twisted violently awry, and had not a straight twig or branch in it. "Aye, aye!" said the parliament troopers, "it's as crooked as he who planted it," and King Richard's tree was speedily felled to feed the castle fires.

But, to return to the history of Nottingham, we have to observe, that the useful had precedence of the ornamental. Nottingham made stockings before it made lace; but it was a gentleman who invented the stocking-frame, and an ordinary Nottingham stocking-weaver who first made bobbin-net by so adapting his frame as to make it produce the imitation of lace after it had woven the reality of stockings. Soon after the Rev. William Lea invented the stocking-frame, at the end of the sixteenth century, the old trunk hose slipped away from the limbs of our ancestors. Nearly two hundred years later, that is to say, in 1770, Hammond, a weaver, was sitting at one of Lea's old-fashioned frames, and as he plied his task his thoughts dwelt on the expensive pillow-lace made of flax thread, by aid of fingers and bobbins; and he thought of the old Italian lace made by the needle, of the costly productions of Brussels, Alençon and Valenciennes; of Honiton lace made like the Italian, and of Buckingham lace, which more nearly resembled the commoner point d'Alençon. The result of Hammond's thought was the far-famed bobbin-net. The Nottingham weaver, it would be more

correct to say, rather made the first attempt than fully succeeded in the manufacture. The final success was achieved when Mr. Heathcote invented the bobbin-frame, whence machine-made lace obtained the name of *bobbin-net* and made Nottingham famous even in the bazaars of Eastern Ind. It is still the centre of the cotton hosiery and bobbin-net trade.

Those trades have, like all others, been subject to great fluctuations. Out of the misery and consequent calamities wrought by those who could not bear it, Nottingham and the shire generally issued just half a century ago (1816), after a struggle of five years. It began in 1811, by an outbreak of the hungry framework knitters, who could not exist on the small wages to which they were reduced. Under an imaginary General Ludd they issued by night, their faces variously disguised, and appearing where they were least expected, would smash into fragments five or six dozen of a manufacturer's valuable frames before dawn. The ruin wrought, they scattered, were not to be tracked, met again at night, armed with swords and muskets, and in detached bodies carried on their work of destruction in several directions, but never where the weary military and the vexed magistracy were waiting for them. Factories were regularly stormed and defended, blood flowed profusely, life was sacrificed, soldiers and weavers came into collision, and prisoners were made of the latter, but no severity of punishment could deter those who were free from carrying on the work of devastation. They not only destroyed frames, but burned the stacks of those farmers who served in the yeomanry against them; and they broke into the farm-houses and carried off money and provisions. The ruin was widespread; and at one time nearly half the then population of Nottingham was receiving parish relief. The work of destruction did not cease even when parliament decreed *death* as the penalty of breaking a lace- or stocking-frame. The destroyers only withheld their hands when they discovered that by chopping up and burning frames they were destroying the means by which they might live; and that, as the damage had to be made good out of a county-rate, the manufacturers would go comparatively uninjured, while the poor-rate was likely to be all the less when the county-rate was abnormally increased. At the end of the five years' fray they had cause to remember that the Wise Men of Gotham were natives of Nottinghamshire, in which that place, renowned for the peculiarity of its philosophy, is to be found. The rioters, in short, resembled their Irish prototypes, who, made angry by the failure of a local bank, avenged themselves by burning piles of its notes in front of the door from which those promises to pay had once been issued!

There is something, however, to be said for those ruthless Luddites. They were not only ill-fed but worse taught. Then, and long after then, Richard Carlile and his partner in iniquity, the Rev. Robert Taylor, made a little British Association of their own, with its head-quarters in Nottingham. The philosophy they pretended to teach was atheism, without disguise. Carlile was the devil's servant, and was not at all ashamed of his master; but the Rev. Robert Taylor, who was in the same service, wore openly the livery of Christ! One of their most active and efficient opponents was the late Rev. Joseph Gilbert, then an Independent Minister in Nottingham. How well qualified that Christian gentleman and scholar was to overthrow such adversaries may be seen in his remarkable work on the Christian Atonement. If any visitor at the coming meeting of the British Association should find a copy left

in Nottingham (it is a scarce book), he will do well to avail himself of the opportunity thereby offered.

The Castle of to-day is only the relic of the mansion built on a small portion of the site of the old edifice by the first Duke of Newcastle, in Charles the Second's time. He gave a six weeks' housewarming, and never opened his house again. This building was destroyed by fire in the election riots of 1832, which deed was denounced by "Anne Taylor, of Ongar," as she will be affectionately remembered, in stinging verse. The Robin Hood Rifles occupy a nook of the old place; and this they owe to the patriotism of the Nottingham ladies, who successfully exerted themselves to obtain the castle kitchen, and convert it into a drill-room. In the caves beneath, from which the British town was named, visitors may search for, and we very much hope may find, the story of Christ and his twelve apostles, scratched on the walls by the nails of a captive northern king named David. However this may be, there is one spectacle of delight which they may enjoy whenever philosophy and hospitality leave them a little leisure. The Trent still describes its gentle curve towards Wilford. It is still a breadth of silver on its gleaming passage to Clifton and its groves. There are still the rich valley and picturesque woodland drawing the eye towards distant Derbyshire; and as Thornton quaintly and truthfully adds, "a vast space is seen between Biddington Hills and Colwick, in which Belvoir Castle appears majestic." The town itself yielded Kirke White from a butcher's shop to earnest poetry, and thence Bailey flashed his promise of a poet, and William Howitt there belonged to literature while he was yet a chemist and druggist. Nottingham had the last of the English minstrels who made and sang his own songs, in David Love, and the last of town fools in the person of "General Ben." But as we are dealing with philosophy, and not with folly, let us conclude by noting that Nottingham has given Dr. J. H. Gilbert to Agricultural Chemistry,—boasts of Mr. Josiah Gilbert and Mr. Churchill as the discoverers of the Dolomite mountains, for the benefit of English travellers,—and confers, with reasonable pride, the brightest crown that mine can furnish on the brow of the great metallurgist, Dr. Percy. And, à propos to crowns, let us conclude with a reference to skulls. The skull which Byron preserved, in shape and use as a cup, at Newstead, in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, has been buried by its present scrupulous owner! Philosophy may no longer speculate on the wisdom, nor jollity calculate on the measure of wine that was once held within that old mansion of the brain. But they will find other matter for speculation in the Sections, and other subject for discussion in the hospitable homes of ancient Tiggocobau.

From Calcutta to the Snowy Range; being the Narrative of a Trip through the Upper Provinces of India to the Himalayas, containing an Account of Monghyr, Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, and Simla. By an Old Indian. With Eight Coloured Illustrations. (Calcutta, Wyman & Co., London, Tinsley Brothers.)

This book carries the reader from Calcutta, through Monghyr, Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra and Delhi, to Simla, whence the Snowy Range, still sixty miles distant, seems but ten. All the places mentioned by our "Old Indian" have been again and again described by older Indians; nevertheless his volume is chatty and amusing, and we are

very glad to refurbish with it our recollections of places too interesting to be ever forgotten. It must be remembered, too, that the Mutinies, and the deeds of Havelock, Outram, Clyde, and Wilson, have invested the greater part of the route traversed by the author with fresh interest; and many in whose minds Delhi and Lucknow formerly awakened no sensation, are stirred by the mention of them now, since England shed her best blood to win them back. Steam, too, has wrought its wonders in India, and one is curious to compare railroad with palanqueen, station with bungalow, express dák with telegraph. Let us see what the Old Indian says of the new régime. Railway travelling in India, he tells us, though "by no means so luxurious as at home and on the Continent," possesses two advantages,—your fellow-passengers are few, and in long distances you may go to bed, though you must provide your own pillow, quilt, and blanket. Note well that the last-named article is by no means to be disregarded even in India, as "the temperature after sundown is totally out of comparison with what one might suppose it would be, judging from that of the day." The rate of travelling in India, chiefly owing to halting at innumerable petty places, seldom exceeds twenty miles an hour. Slow, however, in this case, is not altogether sure. The Old Indian learned this to his cost, having met with three serious accidents on his way up; two of which cost the company 20,000*l.*, and one the lives of several unlucky wights. On the subjects of cost and refreshment, we read as follows:—

"Most unfairly, I think, the cost of first class travelling in India is precisely double that of the second, whilst the charge in the third class is disproportionately small—on a par, nevertheless, with the accommodation afforded. The rate of the former is thus prohibitory to many, but the distances to be traversed are so long, and the fatigue in a tropical climate so considerable, that one cannot afford to dispense with the extra comfort secured by the better-provided carriages of the 1st class; not to mention the fact that in the 2nd class you are quite liable to have as a travelling companion some half-clothed native, redolent of unsavoury odours,—respectable though he may be. I have travelled much on railways in England and France, but have never experienced anything approaching the dust and glare of an Indian line. I was fortunately careful to provide myself with 'eye-protectors'—either these or a veil being highly necessary. There is another little precaution which well repays the trouble of carriage,—a small bag containing towel, soap, and sponge, with brush and comb. The luxury of an occasional ablution, although taken *al fresco* at the carriage-door, is not to be over-estimated. At almost every station water can be got—to wash with, not to drink; although the *bhescit* may generally be seen running up and down the station platform with a greasy *mussuck* (water-skin) on his back, employed in filling the glasses of such thirsty passengers as are foolish enough to partake of this 'cholera mixture,' and who may have thoughtlessly neglected to provide themselves at starting with that most necessary appendage—a wicker-work water-bottle of *aqua vita* and *aqua pura* mildly combined, or with the latter only, as taste dictates. For anything like a long distance, the experienced traveller, in lieu of depending on the railway refreshment-rooms, provides himself with a small box containing such eatables, drinkables, and necessary accompaniments as are likely to be needed on the road. One is thus able to take such refreshment as is required, when one requires it, and in comparative ease and comfort. The pretence of a meal at the refreshment-room, in the limited and uncertain time allowed you for it, only results in spoiling your digestion, souring your temper, and diminishing unnecessarily the contents of your purse. And if the traveller happens to arrive at night, the prospect becomes still more dismal and uncomfortable. Ye Indians who remember the brilliantly-lighted refreshment-

saloon of Wolverhampton, or of any large station at home, with its smiling attendant handmaids, its scalding-hot coffee, and its seductively-arranged patties; with its counter covered with delicacies—the genial sight of all which makes you regret the return to your now cheerless-looking carriage—forget all this when you travel on Indian lines, and picture to yourself instead, what you will assuredly witness:—a large, comfortless-looking room, found with difficulty; an apology for a *carpet* on the floor, in shape of a dirty piece of stripe-coloured canvas; a broken-down plated candlestick (or perhaps two) on the table, the glass shade covering which is as innocent of having undergone the cleansing process as is the linen of the half-awake attendant Khitmutgar, who reuses himself reluctantly from a snooze on the floor, just as you, in despair, have decided to return supperless to your carriage. And then, if tempted by the greasy curry and half-cold chops, the leathery steak or hashed unmentionable in the dish with the cracked cover, the tough old bantam or unsavoury-looking stew in ditta of another pattern, you do venture to appease your hunger, be sure that before you have had time thoroughly to discover all the drawbacks of such a repast, the bell for starting will ring, and you will hurry off, hardly waiting for your change, fearful lest you be left behind at the station, where desolation reigns supreme, discomfort everywhere, and at which, most probably, passenger-trains upwards stop but once a day."

Of the cities described in this volume, Delhi and Lucknow are the most changed. From these the pageantry of Mohammedan rule has wholly passed away. In Lucknow there is most to be remarked in the way of improvement. "The vast reforms" which have taken place "already indicate that it will not be many years before Lucknow can truly boast of being the model city of the East." This is saying much; but it must be remembered that the town was full of beautiful buildings under the native rulers, and the English have added "a state of cleanliness and order quite marvellous to behold." There is a municipal commission, which receives the rents of various confiscated buildings, and expends them in improvements. The description, indeed, of Lucknow is the most interesting part of the Old Indian's volume, and of all the places he describes not one is so noteworthy as the Residency. We read,—

"The world-renowned Residency. — This is approached through the well-remembered 'Bailey Guard' Gate, which stands now in its solemn ruin, a monument alike of the bravery and devotion of that handful of heroes who held it for five months successfully against overwhelming numbers, and of the self-denying heroism of the women and children who died uncomplainingly in its cellars. Little now remains of the buildings which, in 1857, formed the Residency and its defences. The position of the beleaguered garrison must have been very much more extended than is generally supposed. The Residency building itself only afforded accommodation to about one-fifth of the besieged. Many other large buildings, including the residences of the different Commissioners, the post-office, and the jail, were within what are rather mis-named the entrenchments. Thus 'the Residency' must have been quite a quarter of a mile in diameter in places. Such of the walls and rooms as are standing bear the impress everywhere of shot and shell, constant streams of which compelled the removal of the ladies and children to the Tyekhanah or underground apartments. So exposed, indeed, was the position on all sides held by the defenders, that it was only necessary for one of the garrison to be seen, to ensure a shower of bullets from the adjoining houses. Major Banks, upon whom the chief control devolved on the death of Sir Henry Lawrence, was killed thus, while incautiously raising his body above the parapet of an outhouse to view the enemy. A crowd of buildings of all kinds surrounded the Residency position, and on one occasion the enemy were within twelve feet of the houses in the Residency compound.

One who had served in the garrison told me that, on a mine being sprung, the outer wall of one of the houses occupied by the garrison fell down, and the defenders found themselves within jumping distance of the sepoys in an adjoining house, who, however, lacked the courage to rush forward: had they done so, this line of defence must have been taken. Protected even as were the underground apartments, on one occasion a shell found its way through the wall, killing and maiming the defenceless inhabitants. Sir Henry Lawrence, who occupied a room on the first story of the north-east of the building, a position greatly exposed to the enemy's fire, had, it appears, been previously entreated to remove to some safer quarters, but had refused; notwithstanding, also, that on the 1st of July a shell had entered the room and burst in it. On the following day, the natives having by this time made sure their aim, another shell entered but with more deadly results, shattering Sir Henry Lawrence's leg, and causing his lamented death on the fourth of the same month. At the time of my visit the foundation was preparing for a memorial monument adjoining, which has probably by this time been completed, and it is hoped that the Government will not stop here, but inclose the ruins themselves, sufficiently restoring them to prevent total destruction, and inclosing and guarding them as a memorial and warning of the terrible past. A little in advance of the Residency, to the west and north-west of the building, where Lawrence was killed, is the church yard, where many a gallant soldier and helpless victim lie sleeping. The chapel attached was destroyed during the mutiny, but the grave-yard has been restored, and is now kept in elegant order. Here is the tomb of Sir Henry Lawrence, with the simple inscription—'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty.'

We cannot close this notice without expressing a regret that the author did not submit the sheets to some one acquainted with the languages, who would have cleared them of several unsightly blunders. Who would think of writing *Das ashwa-medh*, "Ten horse-sacrifices," thus, *Das-as-Wamedh!* One would think that the Old Indian has a notion that the chief mosque at Delhi is called from the river Jamund, or Jumna as he writes it, for he invariably writes Jumna Musjid instead of Jum'a Masjid. He ought, too, to have known that the marble pulpit is not for calling the faithful to prayer, but for preaching.

Texts from the Holy Bible explained by the Help of the Ancient Monuments, with a few Plans and Views. By Samuel Sharpe. Containing 160 Drawings on Wood, chiefly by Joseph Bonomi. (Day & Son, Limited.)

Illustrations of the Bible from ancient customs and manners, as well as from antiquities, monuments, sculptures, coins, &c. have not been productive of the utility which was reasonably expected. Beyond a doubt, the accumulation of books on the subject has not produced a corresponding increase of knowledge. The reader has been often mocked with the semblance of instruction, and with an array of figures, pictures, ornaments, and such like, which please the eye without informing the mind. This observation applies to such books as Kitto's 'Pictorial Bible,' a work well executed in many respects and useful in its day, but overloaded with superfluous illustrations; and to Roberts's 'Oriental Illustrations,' in which, with a very few pictures, a heap of miscellaneous remarks is collected, often irrelevant. The department has certainly been overdone, so that when the actual gain to our better acquaintance with the Bible comes to be computed, it seems very small. Such books as Layard's and Lepsius's are welcome, standing out as they do from the common mass, and proceeding from men of ability. Mr. Sharpe informs us in his Preface

that the illustrations in this volume are argumentative and explanatory, rather than ornamental. The earlier are chiefly taken from Egyptian and Assyrian sculptures; the later include several coins. A few maps and plans are given. Those acquainted with the author's writings will be prepared to find distinctive views, not an iteration of common opinions; and a prevailing desire to confine himself to such illustrations as explain an obscure passage, or prove the truth of the historian's statement. Mr. Sharpe investigates, inquires, and thinks for himself, leaving his individual mark on all he writes. The present book is in harmony with his former works.

The perusal of the volume, with its 160 illustrations, has yielded us instruction and pleasure. It does throw light on various passages of Scripture, sometimes as novel as it is unexpected. The first thought arising from the reading of it is one of regret that it is too short. Could not the varied knowledge and ingenuity of the author have supplied more such observations? An example or two will show the nature of the work.

1 Kings xiv, 26. "And he [Shishak] took away the treasures of the house of the Lord, and the treasures of the king's house."

After the figure is given, we have this:—

"Among a number of figures of captives sculptured by Shishank on the walls of the great temple of Karnak, in Thebes, is the above. Every figure has his arms tied behind, and is in part covered with a shield, on which is written, in hieroglyphics, his name, or rather the name of his country. These figures thus recount the conquests of King Shishank over his neighbouring enemies, and on this shield is written, 'JUDAH-MELEK-LAND,' or *the Kingdom of Judah*. In this way Shishank recorded his conquest of Rehoboam; and this is the earliest Egyptian record that has yet been found mentioning any event in Jewish history. Before this time Egyptian history and the Bible run parallel; the Egyptian monuments throw much light on the Jewish laws and customs; they help us to understand the Bible history; but they do not, before this, record any event mentioned in the Bible. After this time the histories of the two nations are more closely united."

Acts xxiii, 8. "For the Sadducees say that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit; but the Pharisees confess both."

"From the Egyptian paintings on their mummies we learn that in that country these two opinions about the resurrection had been both entertained. This picture relates to the resurrection of the body by the spirit returning to it. The other opinion of the resurrection by means of an angelic body, without the help of our earthly body, is shown in the note on 1 Cor. xv, 44. Here the dead man is lying upon a lion-shaped couch, bandaged as a mummy, ornamented with paintings. The god Anubis, known by his dog's head, is advancing to unwrap the bandages, and thus to allow the body to move when life shall return to it. Above is the man's soul, in the form of a bird, with human head and hands. It is bringing in one hand the character for Life, and in the other the character for Breath. This latter is the sail of a ship, thus figurative of Wind. These the soul places in the mouth of the mummy at the time of his resurrection."

Various opinions advanced by the author will be objected to by scholars; neither do we accord with some of them. Thus, he confounds Sephar, in Genesis x, 30, with Shapher, in Numbers xxxiii, 23; and identifies both with Mount Serbal. The two places, though alike in English, have a different orthography in Hebrew, and are quite distinct. They are also at a great distance from Mount Serbal, and near the west coast of the Gulf of Akabah. The former is somewhat difficult to define; the latter is probably the same as Burckhardt's Jebel Sherâfah. Neither of them means written

mountain, as Mr. Sharpe affirms; not even that mentioned in Genesis x, 30.

It is also stated that the Septuagint translators changed the words of Isaiah xix, 18, from the *city of destruction* into the *city of righteousness*, wishing thereby to screen their city, On, or Heliopolis, from the reproach of the prophets. It is not easy to say what the original reading of the Septuagint was in this verse. But the writers did not change the original, because what is sometimes translated *city of destruction* does not exhibit the true text. No historical city is meant by the prophet; the sense of the phrase being *city of protection, or protected city*.

We are unable to see the reasoning by which Mr. Sharpe supposes Isaiah xi, 15, to show that the passage of the Red Sea took place at a spot now dry, — between the sea and the Bitter Lake, — but then covered with water, which joined the two. The passage is Messianic and ideal, pointing to the future, and throwing no light on the historical past.

Notwithstanding these and other things in the volume which require correction, it is a welcome contribution to the elucidation of the sacred volume. Mr. Sharpe, who has worthily devoted many of his best years to the study of that book, has been ably seconded by Mr. Bonomi's skill in preparing the woodcuts. To both we tender our thanks for the pleasing and instructive book before us.

The Viceregal Speeches and Addresses, Lectures and Poems, of the late Earl of Carlisle, K.G. Collected and Edited by J. J. Gaskin. (Dublin, M'Glashan & Gill; London, Routledge & Sons.)

Two things combine to recommend this book — the character of its subject and that of its author. We would not willingly say a word in dispraise of the late Lord Carlisle. A kinder man never existed. No man was ever more alive to the duties entailed on him by his position and opportunities; no man was more aware of the necessity of giving an account of his talents, and making them useful in the station to which he had been called. As a great English landlord, as Viceroy of Ireland, he followed the principles laid down in his lectures and speeches, and showed that he could practise the generosity, the justice, the noble toleration, which he had so often inculcated. Modest in his own claims, he was proud of the genius of others. Patron as he was, he did not boast of the name, but rejoiced in the opportunity. The deadly weapon which represents the majesty of the law became in his hands a means not of terror, but of conciliation. He did not wish to impress offenders with awe, but to improve them by the gentle influences of education and example. And thus the sword of state was unsheathed only for pacific purposes — not to smite the wicked, but to knight the deserving.

The gentleman who has collected Lord Carlisle's speeches and poems has also some claims on our regard. When quite young he attracted Lord Carlisle's notice by his method of teaching, and, at the instigation of Lord Carlisle and Archbishop Whately, he was appointed to teach geography and history by a method which he calls inductive interrogation. Afterwards he was sent by the same patron to study music under Hullah, in order to qualify himself for introducing a popular system of vocal culture in Ireland. The testimonials he has received are ample proofs that he has worked hard and done well. His gratitude to Lord Carlisle is most conspicuous. And yet, with all our regard for Lord Carlisle, with all our sense of Mr. Gaskin's deserts, we must say that this book

is the most unfortunate compilation that ever came before us, and is calculated to do serious injury to Lord Carlisle's reputation.

We have no wish to wound Mr. Gaskin's feelings, and we are convinced that he will not accept this verdict. It is plain that he cannot distinguish what does a man credit and what is merely accepted as the necessity of his position. Lord Carlisle is Mr. Gaskin's hero, and everything he says, or does, or writes, is equally valuable to Mr. Gaskin. This is, no doubt, the true biographical spirit which is so fatal to biography. But it is equally fatal to every kind of memorial, because good, bad, and indifferent are jumbled together; and it seldom happens that, even with the truly great, the good things predominate. The only men who leave "no line that dying they could wish to blot" are those who have blotted conscientiously while living. The only men whose every line is perfect in itself are those who have written few lines, and those few lines with labour. The same rule prevails with regard to speeches. If the greatest orator was called upon to speak daily, almost always on the same subjects, and always at great length, — if these speeches were reported word for word, and preserved with great care, he would not leave the same reputation as he would have earned by a tithe of the same number of speeches, half of which had perished. A judicious selection of his best speeches would enhance his fame: it would be stifled under the mass if all were published.

When we read the judgment of some contemporary on works that have not been handed down to us, we naturally form a very high idea of them. But how often does it happen that on turning to the works themselves we are led to distrust that judgment. In one of Landor's Imaginary Conversations it is said by Southey that the lost classics are most regretted by those who would not read them if they were recovered. It is always convenient to fix some standard which you have no means of defining. There are some men who lend themselves most gracefully to reference, and who are great while they are unknown. If they are wise they are content to remain in that illusive obscurity, and do not challenge criticism, as they have gained already all that the most favourable criticism could give them. This is the sort of fame we should have recommended Mr. Gaskin to claim for Lord Carlisle. We have it on the authority of one of the greatest living orators, and a political opponent of Lord Carlisle's, that his Lordship was second to none in the House of Commons. "I sat," said Mr. Disraeli, "in this House for ten years with Lord Carlisle, and let me remind the House that those were not ordinary times. This House then reckoned amongst its members probably a greater number of celebrated men than it ever contained at any other time. At other times, indeed, there may have been individual examples of higher intellectual powers; but a greater number of great men never flourished than during those ten years. Lord Morpeth met them on equal terms; and he was a man remarkable for his knowledge, his accomplishments, and his eloquence." If this panegyric is not enough to establish his Lordship's fame as an orator, it would be hard to find anything more effectual. But it is robbed of all its value when it stands as a motto to a book containing twenty-six speeches in answer to the toast, "The health of Lord Carlisle and prosperity to Ireland," and countless addresses on the subject of education, or at the cattle-show banquets of agricultural societies.

It would be unjust to pass any sentence on the literary or the oratorical value of these speeches. Even if a famous orator is called upon

to return thanks for the Ladies, or the House of Commons, or the prize pigs, at some country gathering, we cannot expect him to give us anything worthy of being ranked with the orations of Demosthenes or Mr. Mason Jones. Take the speech at p. 172 of this volume:—

"I beg to return the Commissioners of the Town and Harbour of Dundalk my cordial thanks for their assurances of attached loyalty to the Throne of these realms, as well as of considerate courtesy which they have been pleased to use towards myself. I entirely partake in the feeling of satisfaction which you have gracefully expressed that my first visit to this ancient and historic town, and this fair and thriving district, should have occurred on an occasion which has brought together, on the adjoining sward, so splendid an exhibition of the material progress of Ireland, and so harmonious a fusion of class, occupation, creed, and race, to witness and appreciate her still expanding resources, her matured, but not stagnant, energies. It is my sincere hope that the town and neighbourhood of Dundalk may amply share in the bounties and blessings which I trust that a merciful Providence has in store for the entire country."

—This may have been worth speaking, but it is not worth printing. It is just what regal or viceregal speeches ought to be, very gracious and very empty; and no doubt it answered its object at the time by making the good people of Dundalk proud of their loyalty and complacent at their own courtesy. Perhaps it might furnish Mr. Disraeli with another argument against abolishing the viceroyalty. And as Lord Carlisle's popularity in that office is the great argument for its retention, it may be well that its advocates should have the means of knowing exactly how he discharged every detail of his duties.

But we have the further ground of complaint against Mr. Gaskin that even Lord Carlisle's virtues are made ridiculous. We are presented with an introductory sketch of his viceroyalty. Again we have the opinion of others as to his great efficiency. The tributes from all the newspapers, from Mr. Lever, from Sir Robert Peel, testify to the approval of England and the gratitude of Ireland. Occasional passages in Lord Carlisle's own speeches show his sense of his duties, and that he acted up to it is evident to us from our knowledge of his character. But if we ask Mr. Gaskin how these duties were performed, the answer, as we have said, is ludicrous. A great deal is said about Lord Carlisle's zeal for education. Medical education, we are told, attracted his peculiar attention. Of the medical profession in Ireland he entertained a very exalted opinion. The most distinguished members of the faculty were noticed by him with honour. Looking for an instance, we find that he called one physician "a living light of the profession."

Under the heading of "Lord Carlisle's desire to confer honour on distinguished Irishmen," we read that his Lordship was most active in raising memorials to genius and valour. But he "displayed the same ardour and zeal in conferring honour on the *living* sons of Ireland who had earned a hard-won reputation on the deadly but glorious battle-field, in defence of the Empire; or devoted themselves to the nobler career of discovery in science, or to the welfare, happiness, and prosperity of their fellow-countrymen." This time, too, the rule is followed by an example. Lord Carlisle gave a banquet at Dublin Castle when Lord Gough was installed as Knight of St. Patrick, and he presented the address of the Royal Dublin Society to Sir Leopold M'Clintock. Not the less conspicuous was Lord Carlisle's recognition of the Lord Mayor of Dublin whose year of office was marked by the visit of the Prince of Wales as well as by that of his royal mother.

Mr. Gaskin speaks as if the visit of the Prince of Wales was chiefly memorable because it occurred during this gentleman's second mayoralty; and he gives us at full length the Viceroy's allusion to the Lord Mayor's manufactory of Irish poplins and tabbinets:—

"Let us, then, drink, with the cordiality the toast deserves, 'The Health of the present Chief Magistrate of the City of Dublin'; and I feel sure that he will not resent the allusion, when I say that from my heart I cordially wish that the texture of his remaining days may be as soft, as rich, and as bright as that beautiful fabric with which he has done so much to enrich the manufactures of his native land."

Lord Gough and Sir L. M'Clintock are known to fame, and no doubt the Mayor of Dublin has his circle of admirers; but what are we to say to Mr. Gaskin's collection of the letters he received from Lord Carlisle, the longest of which extends to seven lines, while three of them are only one line each? "Dear Gaskin, I accept the dedication with very great pleasure,"—"Dear Mr. Gaskin, I am extremely obliged by your timely and friendly vindication,"—"Dear Mr. Gaskin, I shall feel much gratified by the dedication,"—are thought worthy of print and paper. And though we do not gather that any of his Lordship's letters are not communicated to us, we are told that "Lord Carlisle continued to hold a familiar and friendly correspondence with the author on the various questions of interest relating to the welfare of Ireland." With the same grand simplicity, Mr. Gaskin comments on the literary works of his hero. When the Earl writes a poem addressed to a sea-gull, Mr. Gaskin remarks, that "the free and unrestrained flight of a sea-gull . . . seems to have inspired, and in part suggested, the following impromptu verses." Lord Carlisle's general merits as an author are summed up in this passage:—

"Literature elevates and humanizes the mind, and is the soul of a people. Nations always take rank in the great commonwealth of civilization in proportion to the literary eminence and attainments of their public men. Lord Carlisle had a pure taste and a keen appreciation for the beauties of literature; his patronage was ever extended to the encouragement of rising genius and literary merit. His own works, generally the production of his leisure hours, leave us to regret that his duties did not permit him more steadily to apply his vigorous mental powers to literary pursuits. However we may regret this, we must admire the merits and excellence of the beautiful productions which he has left us. Throughout his works we may observe a pure atmosphere of religious principle—a style solemn in tone, and irradiated with the warmth of devotional feeling. The acquirements of his well-stored mind; his copious information, and the retentive powers of his memory, were wonderful."

Whatever we may have to say of Lord Carlisle as a writer or a speaker, will probably be exactly opposed to these sentiments of Mr. Gaskin's. Lord Carlisle had not made the proper start for doing anything in literature. "Vigorous" is, we think, the last word that should be applied to his mental powers. Had they deserved that name, the extreme culture bestowed upon them must have raised them to undoubted eminence. But one of the surest tests of originality is how far it can survive culture; whether it will be crushed by it, or will raise it to its own level. We therefore notice that some minds which are conscious of their weakness are afraid of any culture that would make that weakness more prominent. Some men preserve their originality by a resolute abstention from reading. But Lord Carlisle found no temptation in originality, and great temptations in literature. He did not want to work his own mine so much as to gain the practice which would enable him

to explore the mines of others. His lectures on Pope and Gray are at hand in this volume to illustrate our meaning. There are scarcely to be found two other pieces of criticism aiming so purely at exhausting the merits of the poets with so little original remark. A running commentary on a string of extracts is the character of each lecture; and however much the extracts may have impressed the mechanics' institutes where the lectures were delivered,—however profound may have been the noble Lord's study of the poets whom he was dissecting,—there is no attempt at analysis or proportion; to say nothing of the want of that deeper insight by which some can convey an involved character in a single sentence. Yet Lord Carlisle has read all the works and all that has been written upon them. He sees when Dr. Johnson is in error,—he sees that others who were less prejudiced have not quite hit the mark; but he does not know what that mark is, and he is quite content to leave off without having taken aim at it.

With an unconscious prediction of his own fate at the hands of his biographer, Lord Carlisle is always ready to give his hearers the testimonies of other men to the excellence of those he is illustrating. This is sometimes done by an anecdote; and a favourable instance is the allusion to the parting tribute paid to Gray by General Wolfe and Daniel Webster:—

"We are always glad to have our own judgments assisted by the thoughts and doings of eminent men; and these acquire a more impressive and thrilling interest if they have been expressed shortly before the close of their lives. Let me present you with two tributes paid to the Elegy of Gray at the end of two very varied historical careers, with just more than a century intervening between them. We are informed, upon what appears to be sufficient authority, that on the night before the capture of Quebec—which of all the single passages in the long catalogue of British glories was perhaps the most romantic in its incidents, and the most decisive in its consequences—General Wolfe, with his small band of soldiers, was being rowed up past the hostile ramparts, and between the steep cliffs which line the St. Lawrence, and there and then, in the stillness of that dark summer night, and on the eve of his glorious victory and immortal death, he repeated to those around him some of the stanzas of the Elegy, and then said, 'Well, gentlemen, I had rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec.' I pass on to my more recent instance. About two months ago the great American statesman, Mr. Webster, was lying upon his death-bed. * * Even in the intervals of even amid the appropriate and exalted topics of Christian penitence and hope, there was a further craving of the dying man yet unsatisfied. We are told that he was heard to repeat somewhat indistinctly the words, 'Poet, poetry—Gray, Gray.' His son repeated the first line of the Elegy—

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.
'That's it, that's it!' exclaimed Mr. Webster. The book was brought, and some stanzas were read, which seemed to give him pleasure. Surely it is not a slight thing to have satisfied, so far as the world they were about to leave was concerned, the latest aspirations of such a hero as Wolfe and such a statesman as Webster!"

A less favourable instance is afforded on a former page, where Lord Carlisle shakes his head playfully at Dr. Johnson, exclaiming, "Oh Doctor, Doctor!" and then goes on with the excuse, "as the Doctor has drawn me into levity," to repeat some pointless Eton tradition. Yet we have no doubt this "levity" was quite acceptable to his audience. Profound thought or novelty would only have gone down for the sake of the lecturer.

Still we imagine that Lord Carlisle's poems were addressed to men of cultivation, and not solely to babes in the word; and, if so, we

must say that his lectures are more thoughtful and show more trace of his culture than such lines as the following, which betray the strongest misapprehension of Napoleon's feelings:—

On seeing a Tree in the Isola Bella, upon which Buonaparte had Carved some Letters Two Days before the Battle of Marengo.

Perchance as here, beside the crystal flood,
In pleased repose the hero-despot stood,
Where art and nature emulously smile
With all their charms on each enchanted isle,
The scene's own soft contagion gently stole
'O'er each stern purpose of his toil-worn soul;
Perchance e'en here he grieved awhile to war
Such climes of beauty with the waste of war;
Wish'd that the tumult of his days might cease
In some bright vale, in some blest home of peace;
Sigh'd for the joys he ne'er was doom'd to gain;
Then rush'd to conquer on Marengo's plain.

—The word Napoleon carved on the tree was "Battaglia."

Our readers will think that we have forgotten our opening words, or that we have failed to keep the promise which was conveyed in them. It is true that we have not been able to praise Mr. Gaskin's book, or to speak highly of Lord Carlisle as an author; but when Lord Carlisle wrote down any of his thoughts, and even when he printed his writings, he did not put them forth to challenge criticism. When he wrote and delivered lectures he did not send round the syllabus with card of terms to the secretaries of Mechanics' Institutes; and therefore in the one case we do not judge him as an author, nor in the other case as a lecturer. We have judged him here solely by what he professed to give us, and we have praised him, not for the intrinsic merits of any of his works, but for the spirit in which he undertook them,—not for the oratorical excellence of his speeches, but for their scope and tendency. He did not write in order to put his own thoughts before the world, but to assist the world in understanding the thoughts of others. He did not speak in order to convince or silence, but to counsel and to aid. His literary taste led some to look upon him as an author, and to praise him for those merits which he was teaching them to appreciate. We cannot suffer them to place him on a pedestal to which he is not entitled; but unjust praise of him must not blind us to his real excellence: and if we remove him from the pedestal of the author or the orator, we must be careful to give him his stand on the broader base which belongs to him, which is less envied, but not less enviable, and the great glory of which is, that it may be shared by all who seek the good of their fellow creatures, though they have neither the wealth, the culture, nor the high station of the Earl of Carlisle.

Charles Lamb: a Memoir. By Barry Cornwall. (Moxon & Co.)

In this book, full of grace and sweet thought, and grave, glad memories, and deep earnestness, a book, however, not without errors of omission and commission, the author, under weight of years exercising youthful power, tells his readers that Charles Lamb had little influence on his own times. We are not disposed to agree altogether with this judgment; but, however it may be, no one can dispute that Lamb, in the story of his life, will exercise considerable influence on after-times. The oftener his story is told, the more true and tender and heroic does he appear. The effect of the telling of it should and doubtless will be, that men will cease to complain of the small evils of life, and if calamity come upon them, they will bear it uncomplainingly, almost cheerfully, as Lamb bore his.

And his was enough to overweight any human being,—yet he never even staggered beneath the burden. The consciousness of

madness in the blood would be an intolerable oppression to most sensitive beings; but Lamb, the most sensitive of beings, had not only the proof that in his own veins the blood, paternally inherited, flowed unhealthily, but that the current was still more disordered in the veins of his sister. When the domestic calamity culminated, by that generally shy and gentle sister slaying her mother, in a sudden access of fury, in Lamb's presence, the course of his life was decided. The victim was reverently consigned to the grave, and Lamb took the poor sister to the shelter of his heart and home for ever.

Few men have ever borne, so long and so unwearily, a burden so terrible. There were seasons of calm sunshine, but no one could tell when the gloom would descend or the storm sweep over them. When the latter was imminent the scene in the little household was affecting. Charles and Mary Lamb walked forth, arm in arm, to Hoxton Asylum, and one of the two carried a strait waistcoat in a silk handkerchief! With recovery, a sort of sunshine again broke over the household.

But there was a disappointed life there, too, though there was no outward interpretation of such disappointment. Indeed, real sunshine never fell upon it except what came from Lamb himself. From 1775, when he was born in a dull corner of the almost sunless Temple, to 1834, when he fell in a dull walk in dull Edmonton, and died of it, Lamb lived more in the shade than in the light of life; and yet he had, as he said, "an intolerable disinclination to dying," particularly when old friends were thereby taken out of his circle. Some of these, as if attracted by affinity of disordered wits rather than by sympathies of finer humours, were at least "perplexed in mind," "eccentric characters," peculiar. Lamb could hail them as being twice his brothers. His regard for Cowper was based, perhaps, not so much on the strength of Cowper's poetry as the weakness of Cowper's mind.

His own life, Lamb used to say, could be told in an epigram. It certainly had stings in it; disappointment was in and about it. His defect of speech effectually stopped the way which lay between Christ's Hospital and College. He had "a foolish passion," the journal of which he destroyed, not because it was foolish, but because, the matter being hopeless, the record of it was not worth preserving. Later, when this clerk in the India House could only have asked a bride to a home with an occasionally insane though clever sister, Lamb fell in love with Hester Savory, a beautiful Quakeress. He never spoke to her in his life, but for some of the heavy sadness of that life there was a little compensation in paying the silent homage of the heart to its unconscious mistress. It was not every comer he took to that heart, even as friend. Those he adopted were his own for ever; but as Barry Cornwall remarks, Lamb's "affections were not widened (weakened) by too general a philanthropy."

Of himself, Lamb said, "I am made up of queer points. My theory is to enjoy life, my practice is against it." For thirty years he sat at a desk,—in the South Sea House for awhile, in the India House for most of the time. The places were even duller than the Temple, with its terrace, dial and gentlest of fountains; duller than the cloisters of Christ's Hospital, where Lamb looked on and played not. He had to make entries in an indigo ledger when his thoughts were on other books, whose authors had been immortal for centuries. He longed to break his chain, cast off his oar and escape from the galley where he had been so long a slave. When the day of his freedom came, and

he "went home—for ever!" liberally pensioned, Lamb's joy was boundless. Joy! it was a frantic enthusiasm, with odd illustrations of feeling, as when the old bachelor exclaimed, "If I had a little boy, I would call him *Nothing-to-do!*" But the long-coveted freedom from labour soon became a heavier oppression than the toil from which he had panted to escape. His liberty came when he had fewer friends wherewith to enjoy it, and less mental power to turn it to account.

There has always been, we think, a wrong estimate made of Lamb's clerkship employments in the India House. There were days, no doubt, when the ledger was a hateful book to open, but it was not opened every day, and then only for a brief period. From ten to four were Lamb's office hours, and during them he wrote all, or nearly all, his letters, and probably most of his essays and other works. The India House was as much the author's study as the clerk's place for work. At home were his books and his friends for enjoyment, and his sister for his anxious but loving care. 'Elia,' a name which attached that of Lamb to English literature for ever, was partly written at the India House. The tone of the place, nay, the place itself, is in those essays. The very pseudonym under which they were given to the world was the veritable family name of one of Lamb's (deceased) fellow-clerks. His salary reached the respectable figure of 600*l.* a year; his retiring pension to two-thirds of that sum; but he and his sister were never so happy as when they had a guinea or so a week, and Lamb could not buy desired old book without the rare joy of feeling that he had made a sacrifice to obtain it.

The full portrait of Lamb has probably never been so elaborately and successfully done as in this volume, by one of Lamb's most valued friends, but not the sole survivor of the friendly brotherhood, as the author seems to think. We see Lamb in his beauty and his strength, in his natural defects and his weaknesses; in his oddities and quaintnesses, in his wit, his wisdom, his childish simplicity, and his clever follies. In short, it is a book worthy of Lamb, and worthy of one among whose inheritance is the boast of being the friend of Lamb.

Nevertheless, as we have remarked, the volume is not faultless. There is at least one passage in it that will give undeserved pain to a most worthy gentleman. We think, too, that the list of what Lamb wrote for the *Reflector* is not quite correct; and there are some inaccuracies, some of which we notice (indeed we notice these matters of drawback generally) that they may be corrected in the second edition of Barry Cornwall's work. There are few of us who have not read that exquisite sketch in the second series of the 'Elia' essays, called 'Barbara S—.' It is the story of a little girl, an actress, to whom the treasures of the Bath Theatre one day, in a fit of absence, paid a guinea, instead of the weekly half-guinea that was due. The struggle of the girl as she descended the stairs, the thought of what the guinea would achieve at home, and the triumph over the thought, and in the struggle, are depicted in Lamb's most striking and effective manner. Barry Cornwall tells us that by Barbara S— Lamb meant Miss Kelly, one of the ablest actresses of Lamb's time, and now surviving in honoured old age. This is a singular mistake on the part of the author, since Lamb assigns Barbara S—'s birth to the year 1733, and describes her, truly, as the daughter of a poor Bath apothecary. In short, Barbara S— was Miss Barbara Street, subsequently the wife of Mr. Dancer, of the great Spranger Barry, and finally of Mr. Crawford, all actors in various ways. Moreover, Lamb him-

self, in his essay, identifies its heroine. Here are his words: "This anecdote of herself I had in the year 1800, from the mouth of the late Mrs. Crawford, then sixty-seven years of age (she died soon after); and to her struggles upon this childish occasion I have sometimes ventured to think her indebted for that power of reading the heart in the representation of conflicting emotions, for which, in after years, she was considered little inferior (if at all so in the part of *Lady Randolph*) even to Mrs. Siddons." We are at a loss to conjecture how the author of the Memoir has fallen into so singular a mistake as that we have attempted to rectify. We will not, however, close his volume without offering him our congratulations on his having completed his task (save the exceptional cases indicated) in a way worthy of his theme and of the interest which the public take in the subject.

Sketches of Russian Life, before and after the Emancipation of the Serfs. Edited by Henry Morley. (Chapman & Hall.)

Russia has had an important part to perform in the history of Europe, and she has performed it well. She has done on the east what the Greek Empire, and afterwards Austria, did on the south-east, what the Normans did in Sicily, and what the hammer-strokes of Charles Martel effected on the sunny plains of Touraine. We mean that she has saved Europe from Oriental domination, and has assured the freedom and supremacy of the Christian branches of the human family. Incontestably the growth of the civilized and ruling minority of mankind, now known as "Europeans," was, during some centuries, in imminent peril from the then superior civilization of the Mohammedan powers. Now, however, the tables are turned. Prohibited always from reaching the central heart of Europe, and now long since driven from Spain and Sicily, the followers of Omar are fain to be content with a mere corner of southeastern Europe, which they have only held for a few centuries, and only hold now by the common consent of Christian countries. In the mean time, we, the descendants of northern barbarians, have advanced to a civilization which even the polished Moors of Spain never exceeded, and which, when added to our superior physical force, makes the poor Moslem, once so proud and chivalrous, a mere plaything in our hands. It might have been far otherwise (in spite of the prowess of the western chivalry) if certain brave Scandinavians and Slavonians had not guarded the eastern frontier of Europe, if Rurik the Norman had not founded an enduring dynasty, and the three Polanian brethren, Kii, Chtchek, and Khorif, with their sister Libedia, had not hunted in the forests by the Dnieper, and laid the first stone of the ancient city of Kief. It might have been far otherwise if, in later generations, the rival principalities of Kief and Novogorod had not become amalgamated and acquired sufficient force to repel those mighty Tartar invasions which for ages threatened the nascent Empire of Russia with extinction. Alas for human ingratitude! We of Western Europe repaid the Muscovite with neglect, and scarcely looked upon him as a rational fellow-creature, while the gallant but misguided Poles, who are now looked upon simply as the victims of Russian aggression, figured in past ages as haughty oppressors in the capital of those who were afterwards to be stigmatized as their ruthless taskmasters. No nation in the world has struggled more manfully for existence than Russia, and few nations, if any, have met with less general sympathy. With the Mussulman on one side, and the Christian of the Roman faith on the other, she

stood alone and unaided; for the faded Eastern Empire, whose religion she had espoused, was utterly powerless to help her, and the nations of Western Europe were full of their own quarrels, and all unconscious of the battle that was being fought for them on the debatable ground between Europe and Asia. But the instinct of self-preservation carried Russia safely through the struggle, and now the Emperor Alexander the Second gives the law to a third part of the Old World, and issues his edicts to people who speak forty different languages.

There is quite enough in the merest sketch of the rise of Russia to account for its being a country presenting great anomalies, and including extraordinary varieties of character, manners, and national and local peculiarities. But there is also this consideration, showing that a description of Russia must be accepted in a different sense from that of any other European country. Under the single name of Russians, we are accustomed to include all the variety of fixed and nomad tribes that own the sway of the Emperor Alexander. Probably Queen Victoria rules over as many races or more; but as these are scattered widely over the face of the globe, and many of them are not in the least assimilated with the parent state, we call them colonies and foreign possessions, and never think of treating them as part of England. In writing and speaking of Russia the case is far different. With the exception of a few of the more modern acquisitions (as Finland, for instance), we speak of the whole as Russia, and treat of all the heterogeneous inhabitants as Russians. When we remember, in addition to this, that the country is of vast extent, and that the means of communication are as yet very imperfect, it must be obvious that there can be little common nationality, and that, for many years to come, every pen-and-ink sketch of the country or people dashed off by an observant writer must present new objects of interest and wonder.

The book before us comes out under good auspices. Prof. Morley, by whom the sketches contained in it have been selected and revised, expresses his conviction of the *bona fides* of the author, who has resided in Russia fifteen years and has been brought in contact with people of all classes. Those who think that a true book cannot be an amusing book will here be agreeably surprised. The natural "cuteness" of the Russians forms a strong contrast to the simplicity of ignorance which a half-civilized nation must often display. Peter the Great was wont to say that he excluded the Jews from the empire out of pure benevolence, as the poor innocents would be sure to get fleeced by his clever countrymen. This character of superlative sharpness is still maintained by the tradespeople of the towns, and, to a great extent, even by the serfs on the estates. The author wanted to buy a pair of fur boots and a portmanteau at Tula, a town of some 40,000 inhabitants, in the very heart of Russia. The grey-bearded and highly respectable tradesman to whom he had recourse presented him with several pairs of boots in succession, all of which "were of the best quality to be found in Moscow—Yea Boch! (God's truth)." Yet on examining these pretty closely, the author found the soles to consist principally of pasteboard, and the upper-leathers of horse-hide with cat's hair glued on to it. He insisted on rejecting these choice specimens, although the venerable man protested that "they would wear all his life, Yea Boch!" At last a better pair was produced, in which, at least, glue did not do service for needle and thread; and then came the tug of war. The merchant asked 40 roubles for boots and portmanteau, and vowed, Yea Boch,

that he was giving them away at that sum! But the traveller knew his man, and boldly offered 16 roubles, which sum, after about an hour's chaffering, was finally accepted with perfect good-humour. "How shameful of you," cried the author, "to ask three times more than you take, and to tell so many lies!"—"O!" said the phoenix of shopkeepers, "words do not rob your pocket. I am no thief. It is all fair bargaining."

The great railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow is one of the best managed and most commodious, if not quite the most rapid, in Europe. The guards (as in America and Switzerland) can walk from one end of a train to the other without risking their necks on the tops of the carriages, or holding on to the side like cats, as they do in Belgium. The stoppages for refreshment are sufficiently long to be beneficial both to the travellers and to those who furnish the provisions. How any English refreshment-room can pay, with its "gutta-percha pork pies, mahogany cakes, and sawdust sandwiches," it is very difficult to understand. In highly civilized England we stop ten minutes to scald ourselves with bad coffee or worse broth; in primitive Russia they dine at leisure, for the small sum of three shillings, on joints, vegetables, fowls, game, fish, entrées, and dessert. At Bullagonie, the middle station, at which the trains meet, between the old and new capitals, a simple old gentleman, with a patriarchal beard, descended to partake of the luxuries of the season. He was on his way from Moscow to St. Petersburg, and he was overjoyed, on stepping out, to greet on the platform an ancient friend, who, it appeared, was travelling in the opposite direction. Much had our good old friend been talking of the wonders of steam, for he had never been in a train before. His *naïve* observations amused the other passengers, who respected his snowy locks, and politely responded to all his questions. After dinner the same gentleman renewed his remarks, sitting comfortably in the same carriage with the old friend he had met. "How different," said he, "is this from the old way of travelling; it used to take seven days and a hundred horses."—"True," said his friend, "and see how fast it goes. I cannot understand how the steam can make it go."—"It is wonderful," rejoined the patriarch; "but the most strange thing of all is, that here I am going to Petersburg and you to Moscow in the same carriage! Railways are wonderful things. I cannot understand it!"

The venality of the officials has always been a fruitful theme of English and French writers on Russia. Our author quite confirms the general view with regard to the lower class. The higher officials he does not seem to have had much to do with. At Moscow the author was bargaining for a couple of tarantasses, or travelling carriages, when his follower Harry, a kind of Mark Tapley with a dash of Sam Weller's pugnacity, made a violent onslaught on some fifty drivers, under the impression that they were illtreating his patron. The British fist usually produces a wholesome dread when judiciously used, and our friends would have retired triumphant had they not unluckily been caught by some armed police. Having a lurking idea that money can generally get one out of police difficulties abroad, the author placed a rouble in the palm of each policeman, and quietly awaited his fate. He was promptly led before a kind of magistrate, who listened patiently to the evidence of the assault, which was strongly corroborated by the bruised faces and bleeding heads of the drivers. These unfortunate men seem to have made just one mistake, that of taking a broken wheel, which

Harry had picked up at random, for an iron bar. Thereupon the policemen at once saw their way to earning the roubles, and they said, "There was no iron bar, your honour, and we saw no fighting," all which was literally true. They then added that the Englishmen could speak no Russian, and that they had only taken them in charge to save them from the infuriated drivers. An interpreter was then sent for, and the author told him that he would prefer not to be locked up, and that "if ten roubles would be of any use ——" "Just the thing," said the interpreter; so the ten roubles were handed over to the magistrate, who presented four of them to the "pigs" of drivers, and, it is presumed, found an equally good use for the other six.

The author gives us in these sketches a view of Russian life before the promulgation of the ukase, and some rather striking scenes pertaining to the present state of transition. Notwithstanding Prof. Morley's firm belief in his correspondent, we cannot help imagining that some of these scenes are a little worked up, or, at any rate, that the author sometimes indulges in exaggeration of expression. It is not quite easy to believe that a Russian peasant can "mend pens and pencils" with the same ponderous axe with which he can "hew down trees" and "cleave his enemy's head from the crown to the neck." It would be satisfactory to know positively whether the personal anecdotes are to be taken as literal records, or merely as fiction founded on fact.

The Lincolnshire Tragedy.—Passages in the Life of the Faire Gospeller, Mistress Anne Askew. Recounted by y^e Unworthy Pen of Nicholas Moldwarp, B.A. And now first set forth by the Author of 'Mary Powell.' (Bentley.)

In language which the complaisant reader is required to accept as an accurate reproduction of the English prose written by authors of Henry the Eighth's day, the lady to whom we are indebted for 'Mary Powell,' and many other more or less commendable tales, has tried her hand at a romantic memoir of Anne Askew, with success that is by no means perfect. Nicholas Moldwarp, the character credited with the original composition of the narrative, is an old scholar and domestic tutor of Ascham's habit of thought and manner, who resembles Ascham, moreover, in reluctance to use the birchen rod with which he is authorized to discipline little Anne Askew and the other pupils committed to his charge. A wider and more exact acquaintance with the literature of the sixteenth century would have enabled the real writer to render greater justice to her imaginary scribe, whose English, both as regards structure of sentences and orthography, no more resembles English of the period in which he is supposed to have lived than it resembles English of the present date. In his old age, under Queen Elizabeth, or during an early year of James the First's reign, this bookish chaplain and graduate of Cambridge is made to say of his volume 'On the Adornment of Gardens,' "I conceited you referred to that—'Tis the only thing of mine that will live—*A few brochures that made a noise, Sir, at the time, have all dropped out of sight.*" The author of 'Mary Powell' might, with equal propriety, represent Erasmus as gossiping about his *feuilletons* and "leaders." With similar ignorance of the change which time has wrought in the discipline of schools, as well as in the usages of men of letters, she makes a young Templar of Henry the Eighth's day talk about "eating his dinners," as though the educational discipline

of the law colleges was merely formal in the sixteenth century, as it became, or rather began to be, after the restoration of Charles the Second. Edmund Britain and Nanny Askew speak to each other thus:—

"Well, I will not: only I suppose you'll have a wife, some day—" "Yes, I suppose I shall, and then you shall come and visit us. Then you shall see all the sights in London town. But meanwhile I must read hard for a Lawyer, and keep my Terms, and eat many dinners . . ." "That will not be hard, if only one a day—" "No, only it will keep me on the spot, you see; and that's why I must eat them." 'Twas worth a world to hear their pretty talk, only I was glad the Boy plighted not himself to have her for his Wife, but only for his Visitor, to see the sights of London town. Boy-like, he may be hoped to do much better for himself than that, without considering that Sir William would look a good deal higher than the Law-courts for his daughter."

All this is very laughable to readers who have given thought to the life of the Law University as it was in its palmiest days of vigorous discipline and high renown, learned readers and laborious students, meetings and exercises after the two pompous daily meals in each college-hall, when the troops of patrician lawyers by their courtly pursuits and pastimes gave the law colleges their distinctive name, *Inns of Court*,—a term which in its origin made no reference to courts of law, but was an allusion, as Fortescue's 'De Laudibus' testifies, to the courts of kings. On other points the author betrays her ignorance of the economy of an Inn of Court in Henry the Eighth's reign. Thus when she writes, "Master Britain's clerk, i' the outer chamber, whom I know pretty well by this time," she speaks as a lady of this century might speak of a young barrister's quarters in the Temple, not as a visitor to the Temple would have spoken at a period when the word "chamber" meant "a set of rooms," and when no Templar, unless a Master of the Bench, was permitted to hold a whole chamber to his own separate use. These errors—though antiquaries will deem them of importance—will seem trivial slips to the children and unlearned ladies for whom such books as 'Mary Powell' and 'The Faire Gospeller' are written, and who will derive considerable pleasure from Master Moldwarp's unworthy version of Anne Askew's tragic story. "Sir, runs the narrative after the woman's heroic soul has passed from the flaming faggots up to Heaven, "they say there was a Thunder storm burst over us at the time, but I was too absorbed to note it. To me, the whole world had, for the nonce, become a blank. That night, strange to say, I slept heaviley. During the evening, I and Lettice, and Mistress Berry and Christopher, had gathered together and communed on all that lay in our Hearts. We were sensible of an inexpressible Load taken off us; the worst had been done. It could never be done agayn: she was beyond and above their reach now. We wept, and talked of her pretty ways, and how we had feared once and agayn her courage might fayl at the End. But it never did." The effect of the story is not enhanced by the clumsy suggestion that it was sent to Stratford-upon-Avon for Shakespeare's perusal.

The Military Writers of France—[Les Ecrivains Militaires de la France, par Théodore Karcher.] (Trübner & Co.)

This work undoubtedly supplies a want in military literature, and can scarcely fail to be considered as essential to every military library, however small. Unfortunately, the principal idea by which the author was induced to undertake this task has been extended, we think

disadvantageously. By adding to the "biographies of the most eminent military writers since the days of the French Revolution" extracts from their works, he has increased both bulk and price to an extent which will, we fear, militate against the popularity of what otherwise would have been regarded as an indispensable handbook to military literature. M. Karcher's hope is that, by inserting the extracts above mentioned, he has rendered the work before us useful, not only as a guide to French military literature, but also as a reading-book for those students of French who are about to enter the army. The two portions of his plan seem to have little connexion with, and indeed will, we apprehend, act injuriously on, each other.

The first part of the book gives a list and brief review of French military writers, from Geoffrey de Villehardouin, who was born about the middle of the twelfth century, down to Théophile Gautier fils, the well-known living author. To the military student this portion of the work, though somewhat dry, is invaluable; to the general reader it possesses little attraction. The second part consists of brief sketches of the principal French military authors, accompanied by specimens of the style of each. As might be expected from the nature of the subject, this portion of the work is extremely interesting, though it must be allowed it contains little fresh matter. The most striking feature in this book is the union of intense patriotism with the most rigid impartiality. In the latter quality, indeed, M. Karcher stands unrivalled amongst his countrymen, whose anxiety to soften down and account for the disasters which no nation can better afford to acknowledge than France, generally renders them untrustworthy historians. M. Karcher's literary honesty is particularly remarkable in his sketch of Marshal Soult. Speaking of the battle of Toulouse, he says, "The English and the French equally claim the victory; the former, it is true, experienced considerable losses, but in the end they were able to enter the town which their antagonists evacuated. It must be concluded from this that Wellington attained the object which he had proposed to himself. Let us add, that ultimately Soult himself did not pretend to have gained the day, although he was able to retire in good order. In France his partisans used to speak of victory, his adversaries of defeat. As Madame Emile de Girardin, with the witty malice which was peculiar to her, has said, "When Marshal Soult was in the Ministry, he had lost the battle of Toulouse; when he was in the opposition, he had gained it."

During the Battle of Marengo Soult was lying wounded, and a prisoner, in the neighbouring town of Alessandria. It may easily be imagined with what anxiety the helpless warrior marked the fluctuations of victory, as shown by the ebb and flow of the fire which showed now the Austrians, now the French, to be advancing; how anxiously he listened to the reports brought in from time to time by his staff. The account given by himself of the manner in which he spent this eventful day will repay perusal, and is, perhaps, the most interesting of all the selections with which M. Karcher has illustrated his book.

Scarcely less attractive as regards dramatic interest, and withal excessively instructive to the military reader, is an episode of the brief campaign of 1815, related by Marshal Bugeaud himself, the chief actor in the brilliant feat of arms described. With only 1,700 infantry and 40 cavalry, Col. Bugeaud during ten hours withstood all attempts on the part of 6,000 Austrian infantry, supported by 500

dragoons, to force his position. In this affair, which was only terminated by superior orders, given because the fate of France had been decided at Waterloo, the Austrians suffered a loss of nearly 3,000 men in killed, wounded and prisoners.

One of the most eloquent and impartial of French military writers was the late Col. Charras, who, even as a boy of twenty, displayed the fiery courage and natural aptitude for war which, but for political reasons, would have raised him to the highest rank in that profession which his literary acquirements have so highly benefited. His military career may be said to have commenced during the famous three days of July, 1830, in which he exhibited the same uncompromising firmness which subsequently led to that noble preference of honour to fame, which drove him into exile and deprived France of one of her most accomplished soldiers. In the early part of 1830 Charras was expelled from the École Polytechnique for having, at a banquet of the pupils, proposed the health of Lafayette, and sung the 'Marseillaise.' Three months later the revolution broke out, and Charras, plunging into it with all the energy of his disposition, played no mean part as a leader of the populace.

Before closing our notice of this useful work, we must draw attention to an inaccuracy scarcely pardonable in an author who is also a professor at an English military college. In the sketch of General Foy, M. Karcher gives the reader to understand that, in a charge on a French square at Salamanca, "General Cotton was killed." Now there were no squares in that action; and it was General le Marchant, not General Cotton, who was killed in the charge of the "Dragons Rouges." General Cotton, afterwards the celebrated Lord Combermere, was, it is true, wounded on that day; but it was by the bullet of a Portuguese sentry, who, in the dusk of the evening, mistook him for an enemy, and fired without challenging.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Beggar's Benison; or, a Hero without a Name, but with an Aim: a Clydesdale Story. Illustrated by upwards of 300 Amateur Pen-and-Ink Sketches. 2 vols. (Cassell, Petter & Galpin.)

A more distasteful story than this Clydesdale one does not occur to our memory. Its writer may have read Galt's clever Scotch novels, to-day too much forgotten. He has tried his puny best, moreover, to reproduce those effects and sensations of which Mr. Dickens is the master; but the fruits of his labour amount to nothing more or less than an improbable apotheosis of vulgarity, selfishness, and ingratitude. A "getter-on" is always, more or less, questionable character. "Honesty is the best policy," said a dying man to his son; "I have tried both." Here is a getter-on, born in the Glasgow gutter, who began life as a thief,—who was helped and rescued, and dragged out of the mire,—and whose callous selfishness to those of his family who never wronged him is confessed with a cynicism which is not well to read, not well to think of, not well to be expressed in the pages of Fiction, and not well to have been illustrated by the prolific amateur, more well-meaning than successful, who contributes his three hundred sketches to the distasteful story. Let any one who doubts our word compare this tale with Galt's "Sir Andrew Wylie," by no means his best novel, not equaling his "Ayrshire Legatees," his "Annals of the Parish," his "Entail" (with that desperate litigious "rudas" *Liddy Grippy*). Galt's hero got on, but gave out in proportion as he got in. The egotist to whose deeds this novel is devoted, a scion of the Chuzlewit family, had no notion of cordiality, kindness, or natural affection. He abandoned his family, including a poor struggling mother and a patient sister (who is reclaimed in the grandest theatrical style by aid of an Australian fortune in the last chapter); he rejected his

father very nearly as insolently as did the hero of 'Le Prophète' his mother; he married a nobleman's daughter (himself a Glaswegian Baillie), and made, and kept, great wealth. Such feats as this have been,—such may be again; but the story of fortunes and adventures such as his, made by creatures of the mud and mire, who remain muddy and miry to the last, if told at all, should be better told than is the case here.

Artemus Ward among the Fenians. With the Showman's Observations upon Life in Washington and Military Ardour in Baldinsville. (Hotten.) Our old friend exerts himself with but moderate success to be funny amongst his new acquaintances, and no wonder. To be mirthful among Fenians would be a hard task to accomplish. There is no fun in men who would give *their* peace and *their* liberty to Ireland by murdering the aristocracy and plundering the merchants. The best thing in the book is in the preface, where, in reference to funny writers, it is said, "Perhaps it would be as well if they remembered the joke of poor Thomas Hood, who said that he could write as well as Shakespeare if he had the mind to, but the trouble was—he had not got the mind."

The Legend of the Mount; or, the Days of Chivalry. By Alfred Elwes. (Effingham Wilson.)

Or affectations who shall see the end? Here is a tale in steady-going verse. Printed as though the verse were so much prose. He who translated from the French so well The legend old, with Doré's drawings dight,—'Jauffry the Knight and the Fair Brunissende,'—Had little need, when telling his own tale, To use the poor devices of conceit, Fitting resource of far inferior men. Albeit, his 'Legend of the Mount' is wild, Made up of love and dreams and sorceries; Also, adventures of a gallant knight, Bright as the morn, and modest as a maid. The verse in which 'tis told is rather mild. Nor will the reader weep or be afraid. In truth, the story by its form is spoil'd—A twilight neither in shine nor shade.

A Seaside Sensation. By Charles H. Ross. (Routledge & Co.)

As this is "written and illustrated" expressly for the waste-paper basket, it would be unfair to delay it a moment on its passage. More insufferable snobs than the characters here described we never met with; and, in the interests of society, we are grateful that they are as stupid as their portraits are vulgar.

Our Postal and Revenue Establishments, considered with a View to Utilizing the former for the Receipt and Payment of Revenue Moneys, the Granting of Licences and Sale of Stamps in all Provincial Towns, and to a thorough Amalgamation and Consolidation of the Surveying Branches of these Departments. By a Civil Servant. (Pitman.)

The long title of this book sufficiently states its scope and object. No one who is acquainted with the interior of a merchant's counting-house and has also attended in any government office, can fail to be struck with the difference between the two. In the former, every one is busy; in the latter, one or two clerks do the business of the office, while many others are engaged only in waiting for four o'clock. There can be little doubt that any establishment which had not the patient and highly solvent John Bull to draw upon would, if managed on Government principles, soon be in the *Gazette*. The author's argument is that a well-conducted post-office affords all the machinery necessary for the receipt and payment of revenue monies and for the sale of stamps and the granting of licences, and that all these duties could be performed with facility by the Post-Office clerks, whereby a large number of officials throughout the country, who now daily wait for four o'clock at the public expense, would be discharged from their dreary duties, to the great relief of John Bull's purse. The suggestions in these pages are chiefly founded on the evidence given before the Horsfall Committee in 1862 and 1863, and, as the minutes of that evidence are now out of print, extracts of those minutes are added in an appendix, and form more than four-fifths of the present volume.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Benson's Divine Rule of Prayer, 12mo. 9/6 cl.
Bourdillon's Short Sermons for Family Reading, 2nd Ser. 3/6 cl.
Dewes's Plea for a New Translation of the Scriptures, 8vo. 3/ cl.
Everett's Universal Proportion Table, folio. 21/ cl.
Ferguson's America during and after the War, cr. 8vo. 6/ cl.
Kingsley's Dwellings in Switzerland, &c., cr. 8vo. 31/6 cl.
Man's Education, 2 vols. 12mo. 12/ cl.
Michell's The Churches of Asia, 2 vols. 5/ cl.
Pinnock's Laws of Rubrics, 8vo. 3/ cl.
Power's Faggot of Stories for Little Folk, 12mo. 1/6 cl.
Proctor's Household Book of the Stars, 12mo. 5/ cl.
Reid's The War with the French, Mrs. Riddell, 3 vols. 31/6 cl.
Reid's Guerilla Chief, 12mo. 3/6 cl.
Rock (The), and other Poems, fc. 8vo. 4/6 cl.
Ross's Merry Concerts and Whimsical Rhymes, large sq. 9/6 cl.
Spener's Travels in France and Germany, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21/ cl.
Stewart's The Devil and the Beginning of Evil, 12mo. 2/ cl.
Walpole's Memorials of Lord Hervey, 2/6 cl.
Winter (A) in the East, Letters to Children, by F. M., 2/ cl.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.

ONE of the finest, one of the most characteristic portraits here by Vandyke, also one of the most famous, is that which represents *Thomas Carew* and *Sir W. Killigrew* (No. 754). Carew is reading to his brother bard. A portrait with a subject that is better expressed than common with Vandyke; a picture singularly rich in colour, wealthy in tone, solid and broad; the composition is a little awkward.—Mirevel's capital portrait of *William Harvey* (756), discoverer of the circulation of the blood, successfully represents the French manner of that time at its best: an icy but very soundly wrought picture.—*Algernon Percy* (760), Vandyke, was the tenth Earl of Northumberland, a sea-captain of his day, who drew back his hand when King Charles's person had to be decided about. Another of the master's heavy portraits, the foot on an anchor, the stock of which is curiously out of drawing: a very spirited work.—Nos. 761 and 762, *Lady and Sir George Chute*, two capital portraits, but certainly not the work of Jansen, as stated here; they suggest the work of Cleyn; their condition indicates the need of a little care.—In No. 765 we have *Dobson and his Wife*, as painted by the former. We share the doubts of Stanley when he wondered why King Charles called Dobson "the English Tintoret"; it could not have been because the "martyr" fancied any resemblance between the style of the great Venetian and that of the very able Englishman. He was a fine painter, as this Exhibition has sufficed to show beyond even our expectations, great as they were. His reputation has been vastly extended of late. For a man who died at thirty-six, he did much and well. We hoped for that portrait of Francis Carter, from Blenheim, which pleased *Virtue* so much, and the large picture of the Earl of Peterborough; above all, the noble picture from Northumberland House of Sir Charles Cotteler, Dobson and Sir Balthazar Gerbier.

One of the most interesting triple works here gives portraits of the *Tradescant Family* (988), a very curious group, noteworthy on account of the manner in which it is treated in composition and colour; rich in character.—*Dr. John Owen*, the able and learned Nonconformist writer, is well represented by No. 768, the property of the Baptist College at Bristol. How few of us know that this worthy man was Vice-Chancellor of Oxford for five years and Dean of Christ Church, the Protector being Chancellor! He died at Ealing, and was buried in Bunhill Fields; his grave there is not quite out of peril, we believe,—may yet be let as "eligible building land."—The portrait of *Sir Philip Monckton* (770), without a name here, is probably by Dobson, and has certainly been repainted.—The capital but rather heavy picture of *Sir F. Basset* (778) is very far removed from being a work of Vandyke.—*Philip Sidney Lord Lisle, Algernon and Robert Sidney* (780), three boys, if it ever had a touch of Vandyke's hand, has long ago lost it under a deluge of paint; it is noteworthy what a sneaking looking fellow is Algernon.—There is an odd story about the very curious but well-painted portrait of *Sir Henry Mildmay* (779), laid out for dead, the black pall cut to show the feet and hands, the face bare. There was a superstition zealously fomented by one party at least that alleged the impossibility of any one of the regicides having the privilege of dying in his bed. Poor Sir Henry had many a narrow chance of keeping up the superstition in his own person, for he was condemned to be drawn

to Tyburn every year with a rope about his neck: a perilous journey under the circumstances. He did, however, die in his bed, and a loving friend caused the old man's withered and white body to be painted as here. The Royalists said that he escaped the common doom of regicides because he did not actually sign the warrant for the execution of their master.

Mrs. Jane Lane (781), attributed, doubtless with truth, to Mary Beale, is a very bad portrait, badly repainted.—In No. 789 we have that very handsome and refined gentleman *Lord Deputy Ireton*, by Robert Walker, a singularly beautiful head, full of tenderness and valour, but over-delicate in health. His death, of the plague, before Limerick, refutes the superstition referred to above.—The portrait of *Andrew Marvell* (795) is a signed Henneman, much in Walker's manner. Compare it with that caricature styled *Marvell* (804), by Gaspar Smitz. This is the single example of the work of this painter here,—so says the Catalogue, erroneously we think. It is noteworthy on that account, however, because, according to Virtue and Graham, he taught "one Gandy of Exeter"; if this was meant for the father of the man whose pictures so influenced Reynolds, it was probably a mistake to attribute his teaching to Smitz, when not only the evidence of his style, which is distinctly influenced by Vandyke, but the tradition to the same effect, as mentioned by Northcote, affirm otherwise. The only circumstance which countenances the assertion of Graham, is the statement that Gandy the elder went into Ireland with the "Old Duke of Ormonde," where was Smitz also, according to Graham, who says he died in that country "miserably poor." Pilkington states that Gandy the elder died in 1689, a year which is, curiously enough, also given as that of the death of Smitz. Again, Graham (Virtue) says the latter died in 1707. We hope the recurrence of this gathering will bring some of those pictures by the elder Gandy of which Pilkington spoke so highly, likewise those of Gandy the younger. Many of the former are in Ireland; of the latter, still more are in Devonshire and Cornwall.

The portrait of *John Bunyan* (796) is well known, full of character: a good, manly picture, though not a little bricky in colour. See the signature, which looks rather modern, but is not necessarily so.—Robert Walker's portrait of himself (797), from Hampton Court, should attract all eyes; it is so well done, of so handsome a man.—Here are several portraits of *The Protector*, of diverse orders in merit: No. 798, attributed to Lely, which should be compared with No. 790, by Walker; and No. 799, also attributed to Walker. With better reason, we say, No. 803, the Sidney Sussex College possession, by S. Cooper, is by far the most valuable of these pictures.—*General Lambert* (800), by Walker, is a capital sketch, full of character as regards the painter and the sitter.—The portrait of the *Earl of Falconberg* (801), by Van der Helst (?), represents the man—a very honest-looking gentleman—who married Oliver's daughter, who is buried in Chiswick Church, close to the lady here numbered by her picture, 842, *The Duchess of Cleveland*. The tenant of another neighbouring grave is unaccountably not represented here; this was that great traveller—great in this way while it was worth while to be a traveller, a man who had seen the "Sophy" while he was worth looking at, probably the last of the real "old travellers,"—we mean Sir John Chardin himself, who, with the luxurious woman, exemplified the uses of the grave, wherein "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Near this strange pair lies Hogarth.

The Countess of Falconberg does not appear here; but we have her sister *Mrs. Claypole's* singularly pleasant face (821), the work of some very clever miniaturist, not Walker. The features have a great deal of what is lovable about them, with a certain shallow expression of self-will: see the likeness between this face and that of her sister Bridget, *Mrs. Ireton* (785). That other sister is not here to whom *Jeremiah White* (814) is said to have made such violent love, Frances Cromwell, on whose behalf, according to the "Personal History of Charles the Second," her father refused

for a husband the "debauched young man," "who afterwards proposed to marry *Hortensia Mancini*, niece to Cardinal Mazarin (840), and the most beautiful young woman in the world, but met with a similar refusal." The tables were turned, however, with regard to the king and the duchess, are Piero Mignard so cleverly depicted the then rather mature charms of the lady as we see them here. Those who are interested in Commonwealth history, and in the Cromwell family, will not forget the charming letter by Mary of that name to *Henry* her brother (787 and 817) about the wedding Frances desired with Mr. Rich (relative of No. 574).

Admiral Robert Blake (816) is, doubtless, a picture by Henneman; a very good portrait of a prompt, determined man, but strangely unlike the portraits of *Blake* (816 and 825), one of which is copied from the other. Compare the so-called *Lady of Mrs. Claypole* (824) with No. 821, the same.—Here are the Countess Delawarr's and Mr. E. F. Moore's portraits of *Milton* (819 and 820); see also 727 and 808. Let the reader make up his mind as to which is the least satisfactory likeness of one of the greatest rulers of England.—In No. 826, *Sir Thomas Vyner*, we have a portrait of that jovial Lord Mayor who, when he entertained Charles the Second in Guildhall, was so much delighted with his company that, when the monarch thought fit to go, insisted on his stopping "to take t'other bottle" (see Grammont's "Memoirs").—No. 828, *Moll Davis*, was the lady who brought about the "cutting of Coventry's nose," that Coventry being the son of the *Lord Keeper Coventry* (599), before referred to here.—The portrait of *Nell Gwyn* (841), by Lely, looks very like Lady Byron; the subject seems to be tying up a garland of rue: a capital portrait in a very bad condition. As to the likeness, compare it with Nos. 833 and 880, the last, like the first, an excellent picture in its order.—See No. 839, the so-called *Lucy Walters, or Barlow*, holding a portrait of her son, the Duke of Monmouth, in her hand, as much probably to show how like he was to herself as how little he resembled his royal reputed father: see Evelyn's reference to this matter. Compare the mole on the upper lip of the portrait No. 836 with the reference there given. We do not believe this picture is correctly named.

In No. 837, *Catherine of Braganza*, by Huysman, a clever reproduction of Domenichino's manner, we have a singular picture of that "greasy-looking Portuguese woman" who, when she stood up, "looked as if she had no legs" or, as Grammont put it, "as if she was always on her knees." This most flippant of courtiers, who was, perhaps, not so bad as he painted himself, was often hard upon Queen Catherine. He said, with reference to another unlucky wife whose picture is here, Nos. 902 and 1001, *Mary Fairfax, Duchess of Buckingham*, daughter of the *Third Lord Fairfax* (706), and wife of the *Second Duke of Buckingham* (904), that she was a "little, round, crumpled woman, a short, fat woman, like Her Majesty." Of No. 834, the same Queen, it may be worth while to say that Walpole had a portrait, said to have been that which Charles saw when he decided to marry the original, the description of which, to a certain extent, agrees with the appearance of this work.

That lurid beauty, that outrageously extravagant woman, whose tawdry charms Lely painted with such gusto in No. 866, was King Charles's "seventeenth mistress abroad." If that is true, as Pepys tells us, no wonder Oliver would not marry his fair and honest daughter to so "debauched" a youth. *Elizabeth Hamilton, Comtesse de Grammont*, (844) has a name familiar in her brother's memoir; her face is fairer than most of those of her class here, by Lely, an inferior work; such, in truth, is the condition of most of the so-called "Hampton Court Beauties." The picture of the tawdry *Duchess of Portsmouth* (845), by Gaspar, was a very bright work of old, and is interesting now. Another portrait of this woman appears in the singularly characteristic miniature by Lely, *Louise Renee de Kerhouel, Duchess of Portsmouth*, (884) taken later in life than the last-mentioned. It shows how she fattened in her splendid sty. In this wonderful collection of all sorts, one has not far to go for an antithesis to anything; here, for example, in Nos.

943 and 996, is that terrible *Dr. Busby*, who flogged Sir Roger de Coverley's grandfather, and many other grandfathers. In No. 851, *The Duchess of Cleveland*, by Lely, we have the dishevelled harlot playing at grief. In *Sir John Granville* (986) we have the messenger to Monk from Charles the Second, an instrument of the Restoration.

Catherine of Braganza was the butt of almost all her husband's courtiers, and in dying regent of her father's kingdom she was less unfortunate than her successor and sister-in-law, poor *Mary of Modena* (1021, 1027), who stood in the cold rain on that windy night when her husband fled, while she waited for friends, her infant, the Pretender, at her breast, under the porch of Lambeth Church. The last-named picture, 1027, is a capital specimen of Kneller's manner.—The portrait of Queen Mary's husband, *James the Second*, No. 1019, by Kneller, is stated, and with every appearance of truth, to have been that for which the king was sitting when the news of the landing of William the Third was brought to him, and he said, with characteristic coolness, which had no shade of dullness in it,—for James was no dullard in any sense,—"I have promised Mr. Pepys my picture, and I will finish the sitting."—One of the most beautifully drawn and sound portraits here is that which is attributed to R. Walker, *The Duke of Albemarle (Monk)* (858). This is wrought like a piece of sculpture, shows a singularly reticent-looking man, fair and fat.—No. 860 gives us, with intense expression, the whimsical *Duchess of Newcastle*, by Lely, and exemplifies one of the many phases of his practice by its cold whiteness; like many other pictures which exhibit this defect, this appears to have been "restored" without regard to the glazing.—Here is *Mrs. Aphra Behn* (864), with the face of a satyr. *Sir George Carteret* (862) is a very fine Lely.—No. 866, *Lady Byron*, by the same, is one of what Pepys might have called his "cattle pictures."

Greenhill's Sir Henry Lyttelton (872) is a noteworthy portrait; so are others here by this same little-known painter. There is an immense deal of mischievous humour in the picture of *John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester*, (888) crowning his monkey with a wreath of laurel, while the beast tears a book: not a good picture.—The portrait of *Mary Fairfax, Duchess of Buckingham*, (902) is certainly by Lely.—*George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham*, (904) by Michael Wright, is a capital specimen of that very able artist's work.—Nos. 908 and 914, *The Earl of Shaftesbury*, both by Greenhill, curiously display, by comparison with the features of the subject's descendant, how a likeness goes through families, from generation to generation; both works are first-rate in their way. Of the series of Cabal pictures which are hung here, we wrote inadvertently that Shaftesbury had the black patch across his nose; we referred to *Bennet, Earl of Arlington*, (903) where it may be seen.—In No. 912 appears *Jacob Hall*, the rope-dancer, and particular friend of the Duchess of Cleveland. He has a comb in his right hand, a profusion of black locks on his shoulders, and what looks like a roll of *civ de moustache* on the table before him.—In 966 we have *The Countess of Chesterfield*, by Lely, whose green stockings caused such a commotion; she died at twenty-five years of age.

ON SOME MEDIEVAL MAPS OF AFRICA BY ARABIAN GEOGRAPHERS.

Norton House, Stockton-on-Tees, Aug. 13, 1866.

HAVING read parts of the notice in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, of Mr. Baker's "Albert Nyanza," or the "Little Luta Nzige" of Speke, and as the following passage is not correct, I trust you will allow me to add what I have previously written on some Arabian maps of Africa, executed during the Middle Ages, as they indisputably prove that the Arab merchants were early acquainted with the great equatorial lakes from which the Nile derives its principal waters, though not its sources. "We stated," says the writer (page 168, No. for July, 1866), "in a former paper on this subject (*Quarterly Review* for July, 1863), that an Arabian map, of about the year 800, had been recently brought to light from Lelewel's 'Géographie du Moyen Age,' representing the source of the Nile as being in a lake."

In correction of the statement as made in that number (227, page 278), I wrote in the autumn of 1863, as follows: "The statement respecting *Ben Meus's* Arabian map, being taken from the July number (1863) of the *Quarterly Review*, must be corrected, for I find that the date of it is A.D. 833, and not '883.' And 'the Nile is placed on it,' as 'flowing out of a large reservoir-lake, but not 'rising in it,' on the Equator, named 'Kura-Kavar,' and the sources or feeders of that lake are represented by six rivers, which run into it from the south.—See Plate I., 'Tabula Almamounians,' in *Lelewel's* atlas, 'Géographie du Moyen Age.' This is considered the first Arabic map, and to have been constructed in the time of Almamoun (or *El Ma'man*), about A.D. 830."

Again, the reviewer continues (page 168, *Quarterly Review*, No. 239), "A still later map, by an Arabian geographer, Edrisi (A.D. 1154), has recently been published in a German work ('Geschichte der Erdkunde,' von Oscar Peschel, Münch, 1865), in which three great lakes are represented as connected with each other, and the Nile as issuing from the most northerly. This indicates the three great lakes, the Victoria Nyanza, the Tanganyika, and the Albert Nyanza."

This same Arabian map I described in 1863 thus: "Two other important maps are given at No. X. in *Lelewel's* Atlas, the larger one being entitled, 'Tabula Itineraria Edrisiana,' and the second, 'Tabula Rotunda Rogeriana,' of the date A.D. 1154. In this last we see two lakes at the Equator, from the north-western of which the river *Karga* (or *Kanga*—*Congo*?) takes its origin, and flows to the west. This lake, from its position, probably indicates the little *Luta Nzige*. The second, or larger lake, on the Equator, may be the *Nyanza*; the west lake, in about 8° of south latitude is, perhaps, the *Tanganyika*; and the east lake, that called *Baringo*, which has not yet been investigated, although it is evidently placed so far south. The head rivers of the two southern lakes proceed from the 'Mons Komr,' and the 'Fons Nili'; but the range, being situated in lat. 12° S., is most likely given from *Ptolemy*. *Lelewel* calls the 'Tabula Rogeriana' the 'Mappemonde' of the geographers of Sicily. It was preserved and described by Edrisi, and was the result of researches made and related by an African Mussulman at the Court of Roger, King of Sicily, who reigned from A.D. 1130 to 1154."

In addition to the descriptions of those maps, I have also given accounts of several other medieval maps of Equatorial Africa, as may be seen by those scientific persons who wish to know what geographers of their own country have long ago written and published. My Memoir, from which these extracts are taken, was published in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*, vol. viii. Part I., in September, 1864, and consequently the year before Peschel's work, now brought forward by the reviewer, but which new book I have not yet seen.

JOHN HOGG.

THE MOSQUE OF OMER.

August 13, 1866.

DURING a recent visit to Jerusalem I read Mr. Fergusson's two books on the ancient topography of that city and on the Mosque of Omer; and I find the following objections to Mr. Fergusson's theory that that mosque was built by Constantine.—

The door on the Kiblah or south side is not an invincible objection to the building being a mosque; besides, it is not certain that it has always existed. One of the attendants of the mosque told me that it had been opened on account of the darkness of the building. If the door always existed, it may also always have had, as at present, a wall with a *mihrab*, screening the door and the worshippers within from passers by outside. Mr. Fergusson does not seem to have noticed this, which does away with his great objection to a door on the Kiblah side.

The arches of the inner circle immediately surrounding the rock are pointed, which Mr. Fergusson admits to be contrary to his theory, p. 112, and they are made of alternate black and white marble, an essentially Arab style of decoration. The arches of the Mosque of Cordoba have lately

been found to be of alternate red bricks and white stones.

The entablature which joins the columns and supports the arches of the second row of columns or screen of the Dome of the Rock is only a development and improvement of the single beam that unites the columns in the Mosque of El Aksa.

The dome, which contains in its gallery pointed windows, was restored and re-gilt in 718 A.H. according to the inscription, by Al Mansur Ibn Kalaun, one of the Memluk Turkish Sultans of Egypt (the same who was in correspondence with James the Second of Aragon about pilgrimage to the Holy Places).

The capitals of the Mosque of the Rock did not appear to me by any means identical. Mr. Fergusson seems to be wrong in calling the basket-work capitals of the Aksa, of which he has given a drawing, p. 109, Arab work, since one such is in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, on the north side of the choir, or principal Greek chapel; and there are others in the underground chapel of St. Helena.

The plan called a "vile figuration" of Adamnanus (left out of Mr. Fergusson's second work) tells against him, since the octagon building would not have been constructed by Constantine as it now stands, if it had had doors only on the north-east and south-east, and there are still entrances on the north-east and south-east to the dome of the Holy Sepulchre, as in Adamnanus's plan.

The Mosque of the Rock, having corners, might possibly have been called square; but at any rate it certainly could hold 3,000 people: the attendants say many more.

Mr. Fergusson has lost sight of the passage of Eusebius to the effect that the propylea of Constantine's basilica touched the street of the bazaar on the eastern side (quoted by Dr. Robinson, vol. iii. page 263), which is confirmed by the remains of granite columns still near the bazaar, as mentioned by Dr. Robinson, vol. iii. page 163; this passage is inapplicable to the strip of graveyard between the Haram and the valley of Jehoshaphat.

The *Turris Antonia*, according to Josephus, stood on a high rock; there is none such, except under the Turkish barrack at the north-west end of the Haram.

The rock of the mosque is only a short pistol-shot from the wall of the Haram platform, or Temple or city wall according to Mr. Fergusson, which is too near for a garden and a tomb. Mr. Fergusson calls the rock of the mosque Mount Zion; if the Holy Sepulchre had been there, it is impossible that that circumstance should not have been alluded to by the Apostles or the Fathers.

Mr. Fergusson has omitted to account for the very massive northern wall of the Haram (commonly called that of the Pool of Bethesda), which has no reason for its existence according to his theory, but which is easily explained as that of the fosse separating Antonia from Bezetha.

The short distance from Mr. Fergusson's Antonia to his Golgotha (a slant across the Haram) is inconsistent with the Gospel narrative, and the number of incidents represented in the *Stations*. The stress laid by Mejd eddin (not Mejd eddin, as this name is mis-spelt by both Dr. Robinson and Mr. Fergusson), and the other Arab historians, and the sayings of the Prophet quoted by Dr. Robinson, vol. i. p. 300, make it highly improbable that this rock, which the Arabs so esteemed, should have been hidden away underground in the Aksa, as Mr. Fergusson supposes; and the circumstance of the rock is sufficiently exceptional to account for the form of the Mosque of Omer, or of Al-Mamun, and to set aside Mr. Fergusson's conclusions as to the impossibility of its being a mosque.

A PILGRIM.

MONSIEUR JOSEPH ADDISON.

Paris, August, 1866.

Addison is not dead—not a *mauvais petit mort*—like Shakespeare, the twin-spirit of Alexandre Dumas. The *Spectator* is to be supplemented by a French volume or two. The spirit of the great man has arisen, according to *L'Événement*, in order to have the honour of addressing some "New Letters" to M. de Villemessant. "J. Addison"

is to survey the Boulevards, comment on the social anomalies, vices, and immorality of the hour, and, in short, to amuse M. de Villemessant's subscribers. But before making his observations on French men and things, Addison treats M. de Villemessant's readers to a little autobiography. He betrays a laudable desire to make a clean breast of it. He says he died of dropsy.—

"To have drunk so much whisky, strong beer, gin, usquebaugh, and dozens of Bordeaux—to have emptied so many generous pints to the eternal health of old England, and to have burst like a skin overfilled with Thames water—was not this a piteous ending! I confess that it is not without a certain posthumous shame, which my countrymen will understand, that I venture to recall the aquatic termination of an existence that was watered with so many generous liquids. But fie on these recollections! After a century and a half of sleep, I find myself alive and as well again as if I were still carousing at the Brothers' Club, with Pope, and Congreve, Samuel Johnson, and, above all, with thee, O my dear Dean of St. Patrick!

"I am Joseph Addison, the poet, the journalist, the Whig, the boon companion; with my tender moments and my sarcastic moments. I need not say how I have returned from those shores which are usually seen only once. I will only say that I have not been spirited back by an American or French medium. I decline to be used by any of the thaumaturgists who make exhibitions in your public rooms. I have nothing to do with your Mr. Home, or Davenport, or Dellaage. I come of my own accord, sir, to pass the holiday which has been graciously given me by the director of the great theatre beyond the tomb."

It must be surely conceded that the spirit of Addison, translated to Paris, does not attack the new condition of things *de main morte*. Addison comes prepared to glance at contemporary society in Paris, and to study the manners, literature, and politics of the Third Empire. He promises the naked truth, as befits his independence. He recognizes in M. de Villemessant a journalist "to the tips of his fingers." He rapidly recounts to him his travels in Europe, and how he entered upon letters under the wings of Lords Somers and Halifax. He hopes that great personages still design to patronize poets, and enable them to travel as pensioners. He relates how, on his return to England, he found his former friends in disgrace. He could hardly pay his score at the chocolate houses or at the Kit-Cat Club; but presently the battle of Blenheim was fought, and he made his bargain with Lord Godolphin, obtained his appointment, and presently "The Campaign" was written.

It would seem that he was purveyor of incense to the great, and kept very nice scales indeed; and never gave a peppercorn in. "I have said nothing to you about my home," says Addison to Villemessant. "It was the refuge neither of love nor of gaiety. I had enjoyed the dismal vanity of marrying a woman of rank superior to my own. Haughty, sour, rigid and sad, the Dowager Countess of Warwick always treated me less as a husband than as a serf. She never consented to look upon me as her equal. In vain did I fill England with my name. In vain was I regarded as one of the men of genius of my century. In vain did I win fortune and power. She never ceased to see anything more in me than a proud *parvenu*." But the poet took his revenge. He says, "I consoled myself by assiduously cultivating the acquaintance of the great spirits of my time. Oh, those delightful gossips, with our elbows upon the table, in clouds of smoke and amid the clatter of pots! How the Calf's Head Club, the Authors' Club, resounded with our Shakespearean laughter! What spirit, what sarcasm, what jollity there was in those haunts where the most illustrious writers of our free England did not disdain to get royally drunk! With what delight we breathed together the acid but fresh perfumes of the humour—that wild flower of the national spirit! O the glorious times! and how sorry I am to be dead, if London have kept up our traditions!"

M. Addison adds, that his dearest remembrance is that of having been the chief contributor to the *Spectator*. He refers to his glorious companion in

"labour and patriotic debauchery," Richard Steele, as the real creator of the English Press. He explains how the work was written: "Without asperity, but without weakness, we made war against the absurdities, the contradictions and the vices of our time. Did we correct the public morals? I doubt it; but we suppressed many abuses, and at any rate we solved the difficult problem of amusing honest folk. Were we free from the vices with which we reproached others? Alas! not always. More than once it was at our Bacchanalian meetings,—at the Trumpet, for instance,—while the ale flowed about us, upon us, in us,—that we wrote, our eyes heavy with the vapours of the beer, thundering invectives against drunkards and drunkennes. It is true, that in my time no thorough Englishman disdained the pleasures of Silenus and the excesses of Falstaff. I believe this is no longer the case. But in my time it went to this extent, that lords and ladies of the Court rivalled one another in intemperance, without arousing the indignation of anybody."

With this introduction, Addison promises a new *Spectator*, to be composed, he says, "alas! without the help of that good and spirituel Richard Steele." He declares war against the "grotesques and the malfaisans who at the present time abound in French society and in French literature." He has taken to himself as a secretary and help through this crusade, a well-tongued, honest, learned young man, called Bienvenu. "He has been warmly recommended to me," says Addison, "as a poor devil who, in spite of his merit, is unable to get a living." The good Addison is surprised that a young fellow who includes so many precious qualities should not be able to get a position worthy of them. He is answered in the slang of the hour, that Bienvenu wants *toupet* and has no *chien*. The innocent Joseph, not knowing that *toupet* means actually "cheek," and that *chien* is equivalent for "go," replied in his simplicity that if all Bienvenu required were a toupee and a dog, he would provide him with them. Then Addison and Bienvenu opened their pilgrimage by entering a public reading-room. Addison was astounded at the number and various forms of the periodicals; but on a close examination of them he found that they nearly all contained the same dishes—re-hashed. He asked Bienvenu how it was that so many papers, in so many respects alike, appeared. Bienvenu made answer and said, "How is it that there are so many bakers in Paris, where all the bread is made with the same flour?" Next, the difference between great journalism and little journalism is explained to the wondering author of the old *Spectator*. How, for instance, the *Grand Journal*, which will cover a dining-table, belongs to the Little Press. Addison spends half a day in the midst of the Paris papers; whereupon some reflections. Satire should be put aside, because now it can be expended only on generalities. In the last two centuries the writer, when condemning hypocrisy, might unmask the hypocrite. Now all kinds of precaution and reserve are necessary. Voltaire could no longer write direct at his enemies; and for himself and Steele, if they were to write now as they did in their lifetime, they would have more than enough duelling on hand. Even literary criticism has degenerated. In the good old time, the author saw in the criticism which condemned him only the free judgment of a sincere mind. But now every writer who is condemned attributes his condemnation to the jealousy, or envy, or personal animosity of his critic. Every writer who is not proclaimed a man of genius, becomes the enemy of his critic.

Again, Addison falls foul of the French publishers, who issue new books with long unblushing puffs of them, written in their shops. I think most people would agree with Monsieur Addison that this custom is one persevered in to the shame both of publisher and author. The author of the *Spectator* has not quite got rid of his old habit of confounding hypocrisy by unmasking the hypocrite. He puts his finger on an instance. M. Dentu has just published a new story, by Emmanuel Gonzalès, entitled 'Amours du Vert Galant.' The publisher is not at all inclined to wait for the critics. He puffs his own merchandise. It is remarkable, he says, for its dramatic interest, as well as for its comic force. It is brilliant and full

of energy. "Now let us be precise," says Addison; "this is perfectly ridiculous." According to the publisher, it is just a *chef-d'œuvre*; neither more nor less. From this little lesson Addison turns to a deplorable incident which has just happened in the French literary world. A young soldier in the literary camp has been borne to the earth under the crushing fardel of his distresses. He died of want, and he is buried. "Surely there is a question that has not been buried in the grave of poor Malbousquet,—a question quite as important as that of discovering whether Paul Blaquiére is the veritable father, or only the godfather, of 'La Feme à Barbe'!" Malbousquet died in harness. He worked under galling privations, with *Nulla dies sine linea* over his humble desk, till the pen fell from the spent fingers, and the wrist was nerveless and the brain was dim. He lies in a village churchyard, and he has had his five lines in the necrology of the daily papers. And is all said? Monsieur Addison remarks, "I ask for literary men neither pensions, nor sinecures, nor alms of any description; but I desire that they should learn to protect themselves. What! the compositors have known how to create societies through which they are cared for in illness, and provided for when work fails them; and what they do—they who live by our brains—we cannot do for our own fraternity! We cannot be united and strong! Ah! how sad a family are we! I turned to Bienvenu and said, 'There are still men of letters in France, then, who die of hunger?' Bienvenu shrugged his shoulders, and replied, 'You see, they are just the Irishmen of France.'"

It would seem that Joseph Addison has come to life again, at the bidding of M. de Villemessant, with all that was English in him wrung out of him. He is Monsieur Addison, possibly Monsieur Addison de Miston. Should he remain long in Paris he will be Monsieur de Miston—*tout court*; and we shall see his shadow moving along the Boulevard des Italiens about sundown, daintily nibbling the point of a toothpick! He has already cast critical eyes on the buttonholes of the literary men whom he has elbowed. He must have been astonished at the number of the ribands. He has been bold enough to publish his speculations on the value of them to men of genius; saying that the consciousness of talent is, the reward of talent. But he discovers, I think, a sneaking partiality for a red rosette; and while he is pleasant and playful on the crowd of literary candidates who crave the Cross of the Legion, he has become, I suspect, already Frenchman enough to think that the upper left-hand buttonhole looks more finished with an honour blushing in it than without one. Be this as it may, however, he has picked up a fair anecdote.

A feeble, dandified little writer of stories said the other day, "Monsieur is too fond of suppers and orgies. I shall be decorated before him. His books recommend him, but his life is against him, while there is nothing against me."—"Except the contrary," replied a very dear friend. B. J.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Queen has made Mr. Baker a Knight, and Capt. Grant a Companion of the Bath, in acknowledgment of their having discovered the lake-feeders, though not the river-sources, of the Nile.

It is with great satisfaction that we announce the appointment of Mr. Thomas Watts to the Keepership of the Printed Book Department of the British Museum. One of the most eminent philologists of our day, Mr. Watts has served the Museum in the various capacities of Assistant, Assistant-Keeper and Superintendent of the Reading-Room respectively, since the year 1838, and the vast range of his linguistic acquirements has enabled him during that period to furnish our national establishment not only with all those important works in the classical and more familiar modern languages which have raised it to the position of one of the most magnificent libraries in the world; but also with all the most useful, elegant and curious literature of such out-of-the-way idioms as Icelandic, Bohemian, Chinese, &c. He has thus, under Mr. Panizzi's and Mr. Jones's immediate directions, accomplished the almost incredible

task of creating within the precincts of the Museum, the best English library in England or the world, the best Russian library out of Russia, the best German out of Germany, the best Spanish out of Spain, and so on for every language, from Italian to Icelandic, from Polish to Portuguese, Russian, Hungarian, Danish, Swedish, and other rare literatures, have, through his exertions, found a home in England; and the time has already come when the denizens of far-away countries flock to Great Russell Street to find the works of their native tongues in fuller array than in their own principal libraries. Nothing short of the most energetic and untiring efforts, coupled with ripe judgment and large experience, could, of course, produce such a result; and we may mention as an instance that Mr. Watts cannot have examined less than about 600,000 titles in the endless array of catalogues, reviews, and bibliographical works of all countries, and that he has classed and arranged about 400,000 volumes himself.

Every one will be glad to hear that Mr. Dickens intends to give another series of readings, to commence immediately after Christmas.

"Her Majesty's Opposition" is not an idle word. The Queen, in accepting the bust of the late Joseph Hume, offered by his widow, to be placed in the House of Commons, told the House, in a message addressed to it last week, that the late Member was one "who, for nearly forty years, ably, laboriously, and disinterestedly served his country in the House of Commons." During the whole of that time Mr. Hume was an opponent of every Government whenever there was money to be voted. A grant was scarcely ever asked for, which he did not endeavour to make less, and he was one of the staunchest (and successful) opposers of the annuity to Prince Albert as originally proposed by the Ministry. Hume was plentifully abused by writers like Hook; but the Queen's praise will outlive all party censure.

Mr. Swinburne's 'Poems and Ballads' have been withdrawn from circulation. Whether this course has been taken by the author or adopted by the firm of Moxon & Co. is not a matter which concerns us. It is, at all events, the result of unequivocally expressed disgust, by the press generally. Mr. Swinburne has it in his power, by pure and noble work, to induce the public to forget the insult flung at them through his book. He, too, "may win the wise who frowned before to smile at last."

Our readers will be gratified to learn that the Paston Letters have been sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge to the British Museum, the proper resting-place for such literary treasures.

On the last day's sale of the pictures, drawings, &c., belonging to the late Hon. and Rev. Dr. Wellesley, a very small pen-and-ink sketch by Raphael was purchased, for the British Museum, for 600*l.* The history of some of the other lots will form a singular chapter in the annals of auctions.

Mr. G. R. Emerson forwards the following remarks on a literary coincidence:—

"S, Shortlands Villas, Bromley, Kent, Aug. 14, 1866. "By a singular coincidence Tennyson's pathetic poem is almost identical in story with a poem by the late Miss Adelaide Anne Procter, 'Homeward Bound,' in the volume 'Legends and Lyrics,' published by Messrs. Bell and Daldy in 1858, five or six years before the appearance of the Laureate's poem. The remarkable similarity of the incidents have been pointed out to me by a friend. I beg to call your attention to it as a singular instance of the varied manner in which the same set of facts may be illustrated by two persons differing in mental peculiarities. Indeed, it is somewhat noteworthy that Tennyson, supposing him never to have read Miss Procter's poem, should have adopted the same story as the subject of a poem. In Miss Procter's story the narrator tells us—

I was wrecked off red Algiers,
Six-and-thirty years ago.

He was held in slavery for ten years.

How I cursed the land—my prison!
How I cursed the serpent sea!

Dreams of home and all I left there
Floated sorrowfully by.
A fair face, but pale with sorrow,
With blue eyes, brimful of tears,
And the little red mouth, quivering
With a smile to hide its fears;
Holding out her baby towards me,
From the sky she looked on me :
So it was that I last saw her,
As the ship put out to sea....
Then I saw, as night grew darker,
How she taught my child to pray,
Holding its small hands together,
For its father, far away.

He regains his freedom, and reaches home, thinking of his wife and child—

I would picture my dear cottage,
See the crackling wood-fire burn,
And she, too, beside it seated,
Watching, waiting, my return.

He reaches the cottage, and hears her voice within, "low, soft, murmuring words she said"; and, looking in at the door, sees what Tennyson's Enoch Arden saw when he returned after long absence. The situation, as dramatists name it, is precisely the same in each poem:—

She was seated by the fire,
In her arms she held a child,
Whispering baby words caressing,
And then, looking up, she smiled—
Smiled on him who stood beside her—

and who "had been an ancient comrade." At this point Tennyson departs from the story; and, as we all know, makes Enoch depart broken-hearted to die, without revealing his secret—an ending of the story worthy of his fine genius. Miss Procter makes the three recognize each other, and the narrator of the story, having heard that his child is dead, blesses his wife, and departs to roam for many years "over the great, restless ocean." That Tennyson's conclusion is much the finer none can doubt; but the similarity of the general outlines of the poems has struck me, and may interest other lovers of poetry.—I am &c.,

"G. R. EMERSON."

There are eminent men who lack neither graceful clearness of style nor all-sufficient knowledge of the subject on which they write, but who, for want of a little care, become obscure and sometimes misleading. Thus, at the annual meeting, held last week, of the Devon Association for the advancement of Science, Literature and Art, Earl Russell said: "Of living historians, although Macaulay and Prescott have passed away, we still have Carlyle and Froude." Here our *italics* will do duty for comment. As an example of the want of care which may mislead the hearer or reader, we will only cite a passage from Dean Stanley's lecture on Westminster Abbey:—"Garrick lies—where else could he lie?—at the feet of Shakespeare; Charles Kemble took his place among the statesmen: I trust that I shall be considered to have exercised a not unwise discretion in having moved him to the chapel of St. Andrew, by the side of his sister, Mrs. Siddons." Of course, Dr. Stanley knows as well as any of us, that Shakspeare lies at Stratford, and that the body of Mrs. Siddons is buried in Paddington Churchyard. As the words of the lecture stand, however, they would seem to refer to the mortal remains, and not to the effigies of the poet and the actress, as being at Westminster.

Dr. Gray has issued a fourth edition of his Illustrated Catalogue of Postage-Stamps, for the use of collectors. This indicates the interest which continues to be taken in stamp-collecting, which, as the Doctor observes, has a literature of its own. The "epigraph" on the back of the title page serves to indicate the antiquity of *posts*:—"And he wrote in the King Ahasuerus's name, and sealed it with the king's ring, and sent letters by posts on horseback, and riders on mules, camels, and young dromedaries." The quotation is from Esther. To Cyrus is ascribed the first establishment of couriers and post-houses in Persia. In England, Edward the Fourth has the credit of establishing them, not for the public good, but his own advantage. He placed horsemen at a distance of twenty miles, who carried one to the other news, for the king, of the progress of the war with the Scots.

They who are curious in the matter of peers of the realm who are also tradesmen may add to their list the name of Earl Vane, who, a week or two

ago, was defendant in an action brought against him as a dealer in iron, or ironmaster. The new peer, Lord Penrhyn, is a thriving owner of slate-quarries.

By a return recently made and published by order of the Metropolitan Board of Works, it appears that 46,878 houses in London have been renumbered, 2,110 names of streets, &c. abolished, and 824 new names approved. The confusion of London street-nomenclature has been thus far abated, and more than 1,200 repetitions of names have vanished for ever, we trust. These include Victoria, Albert, Royal, Crown, King, George, Mary, Park, Prospect, and other fancy titles, in a proportion that is gratifying to notice. These are the chief absurdities of the matter.

The French tribunal has annulled that part of the will of the late Duc de Grammont Cadoreuse by which he left the bulk of his fortune to his physician, Dr. Déclat. This is in accordance with the Code Napoléon, wherein such bequests, made by patients to their medical advisers, are pronounced illegal. Other legacies, including one of 50,000 francs to Mlle. Schneider, the "belle Hélène" of the Variétés, are confirmed. The Grammonts in the male line are now extinct. The historical house has not gone out nobly. Three years ago the Mayor of Luxeuil horsewhipped the Marquis de Grammont for threatening to kick the Mayor if he refused to take off his hat when the Marquis passed him.

Father Secchi, Director of the Observatory at the Collegio Romano, has invented a new stellar spectroscope. The spectra produced are remarkable for the brilliancy of their tints and the clear definition of their bands.

Col. Shaffner has presented a Report to the United States Government on the relative strength of nitro-ureum compared with gunpowder, to which, he states, it is superior for blasting purposes.

Considering the political and social convulsions that Sicily has of late experienced, it is particularly encouraging to know that her scientific men have been able to carry on their researches and publish the results. The Consiglio di Perfezionamento, which is an annex of the Royal Technical Institute of Palermo, have just brought out the second half of their "Giornale di Scienze Naturali ed Economiche," in a royal quarto form, with well-executed engravings. It contains papers on mathematical, botanical, geological, physical, and physiological subjects; among which are, one on the newly-discovered grotto of Carburanceli, containing bones, old flint weapons, and other relics, by Prof. Gemmellaro; another, by Prof. Sequenza, on the geology of Mount Rometta, with especial reference to the origin of its potable waters. One, "Rigelazione," is a translation of Prof. Tyndall's well-known paper "On Regulation." For meteorologists there is a review of the weather of the third and fourth quarters of the year 1865, by Prof. Cacciatore.

Mr. Wilkinson, English Consul at Saloniki (Thessalonica), has sent to the Rev. D. Morton, of Harleston Rectory, Northampton, a photograph of an ancient Greek inscription which remains in that city, on the inside of a marble arch. From the form of the letters there is reason to believe that it is nearly coeval with the time of St. Paul. The earliest copies of it, published by Dr. R. Pococke and by Muratori, were strangely incorrect. It is humiliating, as Mr. Morton remarks, to "observe how human eyes and human hands have been at fault in this matter. The copies which were in existence during the last century were so palpably erroneous that a distinguished German scholar of our own day, who had not seen others, boldly ventured to alter the documents before him.... In 1828, I think, Boeckh published the inscription, with his emendations, in the first volume of his 'Corpus Inscriptionum.' It is No. 1,967. Unhappily, Conybeare and Howson, in their 'Life and Epistles of St. Paul,' and, after them, Alford, in his Greek Testament, adopted the erroneous version.... Some years later Boeckh... withdrew his emendations; but... the faulty version was not altered in the edition of the 'Life and Epistles of St. Paul' issued in 1858, and it remains in the edition of the Greek Testament issued by Alford in 1861.... In the

17th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, in the 6th and 8th verses, mention is made of the 'rulers of the city,' that is, of Thessalonica. The Greek word used by St. Luke is, when put into English form, *Politarchs* (not *Poliarchs*, be it observed), the meaning of which is, strictly speaking, 'rulers of the citizens.' It is a simple and a very natural title for the magistrates of any Greek city; but, as far as is known from the classical Greek authors whose writings have come down to us, the magistrates of no other city, except that of Thessalonica, were ever called *Politarchs*.... The inscription... informs us that whilst certain persons, whose names are given, were the *Politarchs*, something or other was done which is not recorded. Most probably the authorities only intended, in this way, to announce the time of the erection of the marble arch, on which the words appear."

In a communication to the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, Mr. J. P. Lesley states that from facts collected in eastern Kentucky he is further confirmed in opinion that the coal-measures are the source of the springs and wells of petroleum which have there been recently opened. The plants of the Great Conglomerate, he remarks, have been converted into thick oil, which reaches the surface by horizontal drainage over the water-bearing shales of the false or lower coal-measures. There is still another "horizon," or deposit of oil, but that is far down in the Devonian series. Mr. Lesley mentions further that he has seen "petroleum trickling from Upper Silurian limestones at Cape Gaspé, Canada East, the surfaces of the limestone-bed being almost covered with the vestiges of cocktail fucoids, coralloids, bivalves and trilobites."

We notice with pleasure that the beginning, made quite recently by Nova Scotia, to think about other things than cod-fish, lumber, and speculative gold-mines, has been followed up,—that the Nova-Scotian Institute of Natural Science continues to exist, and apparently in a flourishing condition. The third part of the second volume of its *Proceedings and Transactions* has been published,—a respectable octavo, which contains brief reports of what takes place at the meetings of the Institute, and full particulars of the papers read. Some of the details are highly interesting: a specimen of a very rare bat (*Vesperilio pruinosus*) had been found in the sail of a ship arrived at Halifax from the West Indies; Kjockmekoddings had been discovered at various places along the coast, which show that the people by whom they were heaped up must have been almost identical in their mode of life with those of Denmark and other parts of the coast of Europe, for similar materials are found in both, with the exception that the rude pottery of Nova Scotia is different in colour from the European. Fresh discoveries of manganese had been made, some hundreds of tons of which have been exported to Liverpool, and a quantity to Boston (U. S.), and one of the members declared himself "firmly persuaded that the best manganese the world could produce was to be found in Nova Scotia." Attempts are to be made to preserve the Fauna of the country from the utter extinction now threatened by wanton destruction and the absence of precautionary measures, especially as regards the river fisheries. The introduction of foreign species is to be encouraged, particularly of "the feathered tribe, which would enliven our forests and farm-yards with their presence and melody." The subjects of the papers printed in the present part are, the 'Mammals of Nova Scotia,' 'Provincial Acclimatization,' 'Occurrence of Heather in Cape Breton,' 'Land-Birds of Nova Scotia,' 'Additions to the Game of Nova Scotia,' 'Production of Lakes by Ice Action,' 'On Brine Springs,' 'Antiquity of Man,' 'On Meteorology,' 'The Gaspereaux (a native fish),' and the 'Reptilia of Nova Scotia.' A very commendable bill of fare.

Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED, with Mr. JOHN PARRY, in a YACHTING CRUISE, by P. C. Barnard, Esq., Sceney by Messrs. T. and W. Grieve; with THE WEDDING BREAKFAST at Mrs. ROSELEAF'S, by Mr. John Parry. Every Evening (except Saturday), at Eight; Thursday and Saturday Mornings, at Three. Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent Street.—Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s. LAST WEEK, ending August 25.

MR. MORBY'S COLLECTION OF MODERN HIGH-CLASS PICTURES is ON VIEW at the Royal Exchange, Fine Arts Gallery, 24, Cornhill. This Collection contains examples of Holman Hunt, W. Philip, R. B. Fawcett, A. A. J. B. B. E. Esq., R. A. Fritsch, A. A. Ross, Bon, Gonal, R. A. Cooke, R. A. Creswick, R. A. Pickersgill, R. A. Calderon, R. A. Saint, A. R. A. — Le Jeune, A. R. A. — Ansdell, A. R. A. — Frost, A. R. A. — Nicoll, A. R. A. — Pettie, A. R. A. — Yeames, A. R. A. — P. Nasmyth — Linne, sen. — Dobson, A. R. A. — Cooper, A. R. A. — Gandy, A. R. A. — F. Hardy — John Faed — Rutherford — Bingham — Liddell — Geo. Smith — Duviger, &c. — Admission on presentation of address card.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.—The Prussian Needle Gun and other breech-loading Rifles; Professor Pepper's Picture, &c. &c. Saville, 22, Pall Mall. — The Kaleidoscope — The Cherubs floating in the Air — The Modern Delphic Oracle — and Shakspere and his Creations, with Recitals by F. Damer Cape, Esq. — Dugwar's Indian Feats — Lectures — and numerous other Entertainments. — Admission to the whole, 1s. Open from 12 till 6, and 7 till 10.

SCIENCE

British Bees: an Introduction to the Study of the Natural History and Economy of the Bees indigenous to the British Islands. By W. E. Shuckard. (Reeve.)

THERE are few tasks more difficult than that of writing an introductory work, on any science, which shall be at once scientifically correct and popularly interesting; and, although the natural history sciences offer the most obvious facilities for such elementary instruction, how few, comparatively, are the successful attempts which have been made to effect this object even in this branch of knowledge, the most fascinating to young minds, and that which offers the greatest abundance of interesting illustration. If, too, we select that division which is, perhaps, more generally followed than any other, and which most completely fulfils the necessary requirements of amusement, accessibility and aptness for scientific definition, Entomology, how often does it happen that writers who profess to teach its elementary principles err either, on the one hand, by dwelling too much on dry technicalities, or, on the other, by filling their books with mere anecdotes or biographies, often borrowed or pirated, without much examination as to their correctness, and almost to the exclusion of the scientific basis on which all such attempts ought to be founded.

The work now before us is one of a proposed "series of natural history for beginners," undertaken by a publishing house long known for the numerous high-class works which they have issued, in almost every department of natural history. We have already noticed favourably one of the series, Mr. Rye's work on British Beetles. There is an obvious advantage in illustrating introductory works on natural history issued in this country, by examples taken from the native Fauna; and it fortunately happens that there are comparatively few classes of animals which cannot be sufficiently illustrated for preliminary study, by species indigenous to our own islands. The veteran entomologist, whose earliest work dates as far back as thirty years, and who has done so much, and done it so well, towards promoting a knowledge of his favourite subject, has here produced a book which combines in a remarkable degree all the requisites of a popular elementary work which we have above insisted on. Having selected the most interesting family of the whole class of insects, as presenting, in the habits of its various members, the greatest variety, the most striking examples of a high order of instinct, and as remarkable and irrefragable proofs of a divine intelligence in the correlation of structure with function as are to be found in the whole range of the animal world, he has brought to the treatment of the subject, in addition to a thorough knowledge of its scientific phase, an amount of historical information and literary skill, which render it as pleasant and instructive to the general reader as it is useful as an introductory scientific treatise. The historical account of the common

hive-bee, *Apis mellifica*, is very interesting, and we give a few passages from this portion of the work in proof of the correctness of our favourable opinion: —

"That bees were cultivated by man in the earliest conditions of his existence, possibly whilst his yet limited family was occupying the primitive cradle of the race at Hindoo Koosh, or on the fertile slopes of the Himalayas, or upon the more distant table-land or plateau of Tibet, or in the delicious vales of Cashmere, or wherever it might have been, somewhere widely away to the east of the Caspian sea, — is a very probable supposition. Accidental, furthered by curiosity, would have early led to the discovery of the stores of honey which the assiduity of bees had hoarded; its agreeable savour would have induced further search, which would have . . . led in due course to the fixing them in his immediate vicinity. . . . Claiming, then, this very high antiquity for man's nutritive 'bee,' which was of far earlier utility to him than the silkworm, whose labours demanded a very advanced condition of skill and civilization to be made available; it is perfectly consistent, and indeed needful, to claim the simultaneous existence of all the bee's allies. The earliest Shemitic and Aryan records, the Book of Job, the Vedas, Egyptian sculptures and papyri, as well as the poems of Homer, confirm the early cultivation of bees by man for domestic uses; and their early representation in Egyptian hieroglyphics, wherein the bee occurs as the symbol of royalty, clearly shows that their economy, with a monarch at its head, was known; a hive, too, being figured, as Sir Gardner Wilkinson tells us, upon a very ancient tomb at Thebes, is early evidence of its domestication there, and how early, even historically, it was brought under the special dominion of mankind."

That our hive-bee, or some of its nearest relatives, has been utilized by man from the remotest historical period, is thus sufficiently shown; and this domestication led to a certain amount of knowledge of their habits; but it is not generally known that the very means by which in modern times we have obtained as perfect a knowledge of their economy as we possess of almost any object which has been subjected to our investigation — the transparent hive — was employed in a rude form in the time of the Romans, and is particularly mentioned by Pliny. The translucent medium was, doubtless, either talc or mica, called by Pliny *lapis specularis*. The passage occurs in the twelfth book of the 'Historia Naturalis,' cap. xiv, and is as follows: "Alvearia optima è cortice, secunda fascula, tertia vimine: multi ea et *speculari lapide fecere*, ut operantes intus spectarent." It is remarkable that no writer on bees whom we have met with, from old Fitzherbert or Barnaby Googe, down to Mr. Shuckard, has even noticed this early allusion to "observatory hives."

We would, willingly offer further extracts in proof of the justice of our approval of this excellent little work; but we have, perhaps, said enough to recommend it to all our readers who wish to be introduced in a most agreeable manner to a very interesting study. We may particularly refer to the chapter on the geographical distribution of the different genera and species of the family, to the accounts of the various bee-parasites, and of the economy of the leaf-cutting, the mason-bees, the upholster-bees, and others, which the general reader will find sufficiently interesting, we hope, to follow up the study into its scientific arcana. The illustrations are by Mr. Robinson, and are perfect. They consist of coloured figures of all the principal forms. There are also many woodcuts of the anatomy of those parts on which the generic distinctions depend. On the whole, we have rarely seen an introductory book on any science so entirely suited to its object as this.

FINE ARTS

Architecture of Ahmedabad. Photographed by Col. Briggs. Text by T. C. Hope and J. Ferguson. (Murray.)

THIS is one of those volumes on Indian architecture, the approaching publication of which was stated in the *Athenæum* many months ago. It is a magnificent book, superbly and profusely illustrated with photographs, woodcuts and maps. Of the first there are 120, of the second 21. The cost of publishing so large a work would have been necessarily so heavy that, even if sold at prime cost, the price must have put it beyond the reach of most persons; "certain native gentlemen, therefore, volunteered, for the honour of their country and the greater diffusion of an acquaintance with it, each to take a volume" of a series intended to illustrate the architectural antiquities of Western India. Mr. Premchund Raichund, a Jain and native of Goozerat, has, with almost princely magnificence, taken under his patronage two volumes, of which that before us is one. A third volume, treating of architecture at Bejaopoor, an old Mohammedan capital in the Deccan, is under the patronage of Mr. Kursondas Madhowdas.

The student of architecture in general will accept with ample thanks the munificent act of Mr. Premchund Raichund; the student of Indian antiquities will not be less grateful for the opportunity which is thus afforded him to become acquainted with one of the least-known yet most beautiful phases of design. Goozerat occupies, on the south of the Gulf of Kutch, that broad peninsula which may be styled square also, and the land which faces it on the east side of the Gulf of Cambay, rather further south than the river Taptee, — a stream which is famous as having on its southern side those vast and numerous rock-cut temples, the caves of Ajunta, an unparalleled series of caverns that have been wrought in the unstratified trap-rock of which the country is formed, into the faultless solidity of which the ancient architects hewed without hesitation or fear of flaws. Two years since we reviewed a work comprising photographs of these marvellous caverns, with a text by Mr. J. Ferguson. That now before us is a much larger and more valuable work, not less astonishing, however, in its riches, and infinitely more worthy of study on account of the beauty of the architecture it illustrates. In what way the subject has historical claims, let Mr. Hope speak. Goozerat is about equal to Great Britain in extent. The south-western peninsula, which includes Somnath, famous for its gates,

"is, for the most part, gracefully undulating, with a fringe of hills along the coast, and abounds in good water and pasture. Here and there lofty peaks tower suddenly out of the plain as if in rivalry of Aboo and Champaneer, the great bastions of the north-eastern range, — all alike remarkable in that religion has for ages hovered around their summits, while dynasties arose and passed away at their feet, — Chámárdée, beside which a capital of Goozerat was overwhelmed in sudden and mysterious ruin; Sehore, whose batttered towers still guard the City of the Lion; Shatruonji, sacred from all time, restored after barbarian ravages whilst our Saxon forefathers were landing on the British coast, and covered with many hundred well-served fanes; Geernár, the six-peaked mount of Jain and Hindoo faith and protector of the Lunar race; Champaneer, whose red-eyed goddess dealt ruin upon those who loved her well; Aboo, most favoured by the nymphs of lake and grove, out of whose fire-fountain at the saintly Vashishta's prayer arose the great progenitors of the Rajpoot race and went forth to subdue the world to purity and faith and love."

Here was the greater portion of the India of the antique world. Here are Surat and Cambay, places of old English commerce, whence, as every old traveller told us, came much of the product of India generally, besides that of Goozerat itself. There are three races inherent here—the Bheels, or aborigines, and Koolies, Scythian Kāthi, and Rajpoot, the last the ruling class. Race after race occupied the territory,—Yādoos, Bactrians, with Greek names, remnants of old power, Menander and Deinetrus, dating from 200 years before Christ, and dominant nearly 300 years. Then came Parthians, who worshipped the sun. Guprās reigned a short time, after whom the native line cropp'd up again, and lasted about 600 years. Of their magnificence Chinese travellers and ruined cities attest the greatness. The Kings were Brahmins, afterwards converted to the belief of the Jains, who were analogous to the Buddhists. These maintained their ground in Goozerat, if nowhere else in India, against the supporters of the religion of the Vedas, and, with the inhabitants of Mysore, still flourish and hold much of the wealth of India—much of its intelligence. These were great temple-builders. Another change brought ruin again: long struggles reinstated the old blood, and led to the foundation of a new capital, Unhilwāra, that endured for 600 years—a splendid city. A change of dynasty in A.D. 942 brought a Rajpoot, Mool Raj, to rule, another temple-builder, and extended the nation's boundaries in every direction. The first quarter of the eleventh century brought the Mohammedans to ravage the land of Goozerat, under the rule of that redoubtable, indomitable Mahmood of Ghuznee, a terrible iconoclast, who, when the priests of Sonneshwur offered a monstrous sum as ransom for their statues, replied that he was there to break idols, not to sell them. He defeated the king, returned to Ghuznee, and for more than a century and a half the faith of Goozerat was undisturbed. One of the Jain kings undertook a siege, that lasted twelve years, of the capital of Malwa. In the fourteenth century, the Mohammedan conquest was completed; this was effected by a converted Rajpoot, Moozaffur Khan, whose grandson, Ahmed Shah, founded Ahmedabad about the middle of the fifteenth century. Three hundred years later brought the Maharratas, who, in 1755, supplanted the Mohammedans in Goozerat. They were rather plunderers *en permanence* than rulers, and properly leviers of taxes. They damaged the architectural monuments, and did endless ill to Ahmedabad, the beautiful city, desolating its suburbs, and ruining whole quarters within the walls. From a small beginning in 1662 the British rule increased until, in 1819, Goozerat became theirs in trust and in paramount power. Now peace reigns there; but,

"on the other hand, whoever visits Goozerat may behold the subterranean temple of the persecuted Hindoo, and the tall minaret of the Moslem in his day of power and intolerance, and may compare the state of affairs which these recall with things that are. The falling mosque strews the earth with its ruins, while beside it, emerging from their dark hiding-places, the images of Shiva and Pārūsnāth are installed in newly-erected temples, and the descendants of the swaggering Pathāns and Moguls inlay the marble floors of the Hindoo shrines, or, for a pitiful hire, wave the torch and beat the drum in those idolatrous processions which move along to re-establish in state the mute gods which their forefathers fancied they had destroyed."

This is, according to the author, the "moral" of our rule. Whether or not we are better as tax-collectors than the Moslems is not hard to say; we care less about idolatry it would appear. Commercially speaking, Goozerat flou-

rishes in our hands. Thus far the history of the district.

As to the architecture, the reader will look at it with astonishment. The pointed arch, but slightly inclined to the ogee form, retaining therefore nearly all its grace,—the lofty minaret, the semi-classical cornice, the bands of sculptured ornaments, rich as in Norman work of western lands, the brackets, the rosettes in the spandrels, the moulded voussoirs, the pinnacles and the battlemented lines of many walls, recall at once the characteristics of Gothic design, and unite in some examples to decorate mosques that were half fortresses, palaces that seem to have been half tombs. Hindoo pillars recall Assyrian works, and are essentially classic in their arrangement and ornaments; trabeal forms prevail. Tall, moulded columns support architraves, and fill wider spaces than would otherwise be practicable by widely spreading brackets, which, being four-fold, form capitals to masses of rich moulding.

Apart from its details, the porch from Hybut Khan's Mosque, at Ahmedabad, would not shame an Ionic builder. Seyd Alum's Mosque is beautiful in every way; deep porches, inclosing pillars, that catch bright light at their feet, while all above is gloom, are recessed there. Most gracefully proportioned is the Jumma Mosque,—a triple gateway with inner arches, a cloister-like arcade in front piercing great reposing spaces of broad white wall, battlemented, corniced and, above all, carved where carving is most apt. Within, slender pillars, banded, capitalised, enriched with fret-work balconies upon very elegant entablature, finely designed bases, all reeded and moulded in diverse ways; none inelegant. This work contains "three hundred and thirty pillars arranged in magnificent aisles, and supporting at proper distances domes of converging stones, the interiors and pendentives of which are adorned with the most delicate fret-work," the points for prayer (Kiblas) are inlaid with coloured marbles, disposed in rich harmonies of form and colour. This is one of the vastest of the Mohammedan buildings in India, dated from about 1433, is 382 feet by 238, and 40 feet high. Niches, or, as we should describe them, canopied spaces richly carved, comprise foliage of marvellously fine carving and varied design, and stand upon a band of annulets diversely filled with ornaments.

The Queen's Mosque in Mirzapoor is more elaborately decorated, but hardly so fine in the photograph that illustrate it as that last-mentioned building. Nothing has surpassed the delicacy, the astounding subtlety of carving which, as in the form of a conventionalized tree, fills a window of the Mosque of Seedeey Syed. The founder, a slave of Ahmed Shah, who built within the royal precincts a mosque which, says Mr. Ferguson, has been ravaged like our own Chapter House at Westminster, but retains two windows, or rather lunettes, filled with tracerie which, for delicacy of stone working, is incomparable. They are ten feet wide, by seven feet high; the whole opening filled with perforated stone, in boughs, twigs, exquisitely delicate leaflets and leaves, springing from a central trunk that ends in a palm-like summit. The windows differ in detail, but not in merit or in character; one is rather finer than the other in its elaboration, and comprises seven trees, with foliage that is somewhat more naturalistic in treatment than that of its neighbours, but rather less bold. The boughs form scroll-like involutions, variously disposed, but lovely in design, and perfect in execution, as fine and as well combined in their way as the most elaborate and delicate piece of Chinese ivory carving on a fan or globe.

The tomb of Ahmed Shah is really a noble monument: a roof supported by coupled pillars that are very classical in their forms, having the spaces between the grouped columns filled with pierced work in panels; of severer character than that of Seedeey Syed. The tombs of the queens of Ahmed Shah form a singularly picturesque group; within a sort of cloister are charming altar-tombs, the work of the admirable Moslem architects, those Gothic workers of Asia. Beautiful is the pavilion of stone of Sirkhej, most elegant its proportions, and varied in enrichment. The Harem of the Palace at this place shows the ruins of a superb double range of columns rising from a lordly flight of steps, and placed one above the other, which must have been most effective, if less noble than some other examples that are illustrated here; still there are exquisite parts here. Superb the architecture that surmounted the exit for waste water from the palace-tank. This tank, which was more than a mile round, is entirely surrounded by many tiers of cut stone steps, with six sloping approaches, flanked by cupolas. The supply-sluice—a great water-gate, with three huge circular openings, flanked by dwarf towers—is not only exquisitely carved, but admirably designed.

We should not do justice to the variety and riches of this splendid volume, unless we took a space as large as its own pages. Suffice it that we trust the patriotic effort of the donor will serve to attract attention, which must bring honour and admiration to the surpassing art of the wonderful people whose works are before us. Mr. Hope's essay, which introduces the illustrations, is readable, succinct, and sufficient for the general reader. Mr. Ferguson knows more about the subject he has chosen for his theme here than any one else in this country. His essay will remove many lingering absurdities from the British mind about India and Indian Art.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.

THE new home for the Royal Academy is definitely settled. Burlington House will be the nucleus of the new building; the vestibule, in fact, to the picture-gallery to be erected on a portion of the gardens behind the mansion. In this vestibule will be the offices, students' room, library, and permanent galleries of Art, always open to the public. The Academy will enjoy twice the superficial space they had in Trafalgar Square, and it is only to be hoped that the 40,000/- or so they may have to spend in constructions may not be thrown away on incompetent builders. Other portions of the ground, including the wings of the building, will be occupied by the University of London, and by scientific Societies.

The August number of Mr. Walford's 'Photographic Portraits of Men of Eminence' (A. W. Bennett) contains the *cartes-de-visite* of Messrs. W. Hepworth Dixon, A. de Candolle, and W. H. Ainsworth, with memoirs of those gentlemen. Of the resemblance borne by the portrait of the first this is not the place to speak. M. de Candolle is, at any rate, fairly represented by the *carte-de-visite* before us. The likeness of Mr. W. H. Ainsworth is highly characteristic; the memoir appended to it does not, however, contain a complete list of the author's works.

A very spirited photograph, from as spirited a painting by Capt. Anderson, of the Great Eastern laying out the Atlantic Cable, has been published by Messrs. Demey & Hemery, the photographers. The Great Eastern walks the waves like a giant monarch, and the triad of attendant vessels are like subject liege-folk, ready to fulfil the monarch's behests.

The National Gallery has just acquired a superb Rembrandt, 'Christ Blessing Little Children,' a work of considerable size, about five and a half

feet upright. The price was 7,000*l.* The picture is not yet hung.

The grave of Lord Palmerston in Westminster Abbey has recently been marked by placing over it a large slab of reddish-grey granite, the surface of which is highly polished and incised with a floriated cross, inclosed by a border of double lines; between the last is an inscription in Gothic characters, giving the title and name of the deceased, and the date of his death: this writing fills one side only of the slab. The grave is exactly in front of the monument of the three sea-captains, Lord Robert Manners, W. Bayne, and W. Blair, by Nollekens, erected in 1793. This stands under the second arch from the north end of the western aisle, in the north transept. In Henry the Seventh's Chapel, south aisle, the pavement has, under the direction of Mr. Poole, the Abbey-mason, been repaired, and inscriptions placed to indicate the interments of King William the Third, Queen Mary the Second, Charles the Second, Anne, and her consort George of Denmark. The grave-slab of Lord Clyde has been placed on the south side of the nave of the Abbey. It is of polished granite, with an incised inscription of the simplest character, not a work of Art.

The stone facing to the west side of the Speaker's Tower, Westminster, is now complete; thus that portion of the Parliament House may be described as finished. The panelling of the upper portion of the tower has been by this process carried to the ground, in place of the blind brick wall that was originally left, in order to the junction of that side of the tower with the once-contemplated wing to face Westminster Hall. The open space looks rather bare. It is a pity that Mr. E. M. Barry's proposed arcade for the reception of statuary, and its substructure, has not been adopted. The difference of level between the surfaces of Palace Yard and Bridge Street would thus be made advantageous to the architectural effect of the locality, instead of remaining painfully discordant, as is now the case. Something may be done when the railway-station is built at the foot of the bridge.

In one of the upper galleries of the South Kensington Museum may be seen a complete collection of works by the late Mr. Godfrey Sykes, a draughtsman and designer, well known in connexion with the Department of Science and Art, and at the Sheffield School of Art: the first work of this gentleman, which was the engraving of a manufacturer's show-card, early designs for teapots and table plate, sketches in oil-colours of the interiors of factories at Sheffield, some of which display considerable ability in a course of art not proper to the painter's education, and some sketches from Nature in the fields, which are much less fortunate. Besides these is the design for a pair of bronze doors, works of architectural detail, designs for mosaic and the like, all of which deserve to be studied with respect for the very able designer and executant.

As an example of good architectural design, applied to the construction of offices in the metropolis, we commend to students the most satisfactory building lately erected opposite the Cannon Street railway station. This is the work of Mr. F. Jameson, and is noteworthy, not only for the agreeable disposition of its masses, but for the well-designed arrangement of its decorations, which are placed where they are most apt to their purpose, and, especially, for the style of the capitals, which is developed from the Norman; richly varied, and well suited to the exigencies of London. The front is of Portland stone, with red and yellow Mansfield and Forest of Dean stones—the latter in the arches. In the third floor are columns of Belgian marble; those of the second floor are green and red marble from Galway; on the ground floor granite is employed in the like form.

The opening to the public of the covered passage between the Palazzo Vecchio and the Pitti Palace in Florence has been carried into effect. The passage is now filled with a variety of Art-treasures, comprising paintings, tapestries, and a most important collection of drawings by the old masters, belonging to the Uffizi, but which, from want of space, have never before been exhibited.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

Transactions of the Tonic Sol-Fa School. Fifth Session, 1865-6. (The Tonic Sol-Fa Agency.) A more comical shilling's worth than this is not in our musical experience. The above coin at any given Casino enables the payer thereof to hear "The great Vance," or "The Cure," or some rather tiresome version of Herr Offenbach's newest Grecian, or Roman, or Romantic absurdity; but it will be as well invested by any musician who loves nonsense in the "Transactions of the Tonic Sol-Fa School."

There has never been any want of empiricism in the teaching of Music. But since the century came in the same has become rampant. To give two instances: Logier with his "Cheiroplast" (adopted by Kalkbrenner), so hardly hit by Lady Morgan in her Crawley dinner ("Florence Macarthy"),—Colonel Hawker, the intrepid duck-shooter, with his "Hand Moulds," conceived they had smoothed the way to "a short and easy" mastery over the keys of the piano-forte. "Where is either implement now?" The Studies of Cramer and Moscheles endure, whereas the machines for subjugating Nature have passed into the limbo of obsolete tortures. No one sits in stocks (it is to be hoped) at the time present with a view of his toes being turned out in the canonical positions of dancing.

Those, however, who overlook the "Tonic Sol-Fa School" have faith in their own Galimatias, and expect the staff and staves of musicians to study a new nomenclature, from which they will have to proceed to the old one. Here, to exemplify, is a scrap from the cover of this comical book:—

1. Major Chords.

1.	Da.	Fa.	Sa.	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 8 \\ 5 \text{ or } 3 \text{ or } 3 \\ 3 \end{array} \right.$
2.	Db.	Fb.	Sb.	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 6 \\ 3 \text{ or } 6 \end{array} \right.$
3.	De.	Fc.	Sc.	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 6 \\ 4 \text{ or } 4 \end{array} \right.$

The alphabet of music was arranged and has been completed many a year ago, and is not now to be revolutionized by enthusiasts, who recall by their airs and grumaces the transactions of the folk who attempted to establish the *Fonetik Nuz*, and who threw away money, time, talent (a grain of genius, too, perhaps), on an attempt to show that two spelling-alphabets are easier to learn than one. But not merely is the musical notation dislocated; we have to learn a new polyglott jargon. Such descriptions as Tonic *Sol-faists*, "Postal classes," "Mr. Longbottom's Choral-voice-training class," require a glossary for those who have not the "shibboleth." But the writers of these Transactions are, musically and orthographically, a peculiar people. Says Mr. Proudman, in his paper on "The Common Marks of Expression," "There is something deeper and higher which vocalists and orators must possess to make themselves felt as well as admired. While cultivating this soul-thrilling power," &c. The scholars are desired to take care "not to accent loudly the second pulse in the measure, as, for instance, the 'Lah' on the word *good*, Ex. 31, page 28, Standard Course." Then Mr. Proudman descants "on organ tones, or tones all of one thickness," on "staccatoed tones" on "laughing tones"; and thus closes his evidence:—

"If in drawing attention to these common things in musical expression, our execution becomes more correct and scholarly, we shall be the better fitted to illumine our performances with thoughts that

burn, and with flashes of feeling, fire, and fun, which shall stamp us as worthy students of a noble art."

Mr. Gardner's paper "On the Relation of the Tonic Sol-Fa Method to the Old Notation" is not less clear and comical than the above; and mark the deduction from all his entangled paragraphs:—

"In the discussion which followed, Miss Kenway said, that as teacher she could not get on for one day without the old notation. For instrumental music it was at present indispensable. Mr. Dobson instanced a case in which by teaching the old notation he gradually succeeded in making his pupils see the superior advantages of the Tonic Sol-Fa Notation. He thought we might often help Sol-Fa by teaching the old notation."

Even Mr. Longbottom, who figures substantially in these "Transactions," declared that "in Scotland, he could teach in no normal school unless he taught the old notation." Mr. Griffiths, on the other hand, said that "in Lancashire, the mill-hands left the singing-classes so soon as the old notation was introduced; the music was too costly and troublesome." Mr. Dobson is weighty on the subject of instruction, and really holds that teachers who profess to teach ought to understand teaching. Pupils, which is more, are admonished that learners ought to learn. "Mr. Root, in the preface to his admirable 'Musical Curriculum,' says: 'May I be pardoned for hinting at the importance of learning music rather for the benefit and pleasure it may be to others than to feed and gratify vanity and self-love, since right views and corresponding motives will go far towards keeping the pupil in the right course, and practising in the right way.' This is the very greenery of grass! But, later, Mr. Dobson throws some spirit and animosity into the relations of teacher and pupil, by declaring that "no teacher has any right to give his pupils that class of music which they cannot thoroughly appreciate and enjoy!" We had innocently fancied that the earliest steps in the art, such as scale-practice for voice and fingers, however salutary, were not peculiarly enjoyable. Then Mr. Dobson recalls with pride an un instructed minister in Melbourne, as under: "Although he was no musician practically, yet he stood up for Sol-Fa wherever opportunity offered, and has been of good service to the cause in the Antipodes." Into the overcoming analysis of harmony, tendered by Mr. J. K. Starling, A.C. (which means Advanced Certificate), we will not presume to venture, having no clear idea of what is meant by "part-pulse dissonances," "horizontal forestroke," "waving tones," "the ray in the tenor," and other definitions. Mr. Proudman turns up a second time, with receipts showing how to make "a successful programme." He thinks (to give an example of his taste in arrangement) that "Home, sweet home," which appeals to sentiments at once pleasurable and sad, should be succeeded by a piece like the "Moonlight Song of the Fairies," rather than by the "Tickling Trio." The interposing "Song of the Fairies" would prepare for laughter *without pain*, and prevent the hurrying away of emotions and sentiments which refresh and exalt the mind." We plead guilty to having heard some music; and therefore respectfully inquire, What is the "Tickling Trio"? Neither are we acquainted with "The Showman's Courtship," by Artenus Ward. The Sol-faists poke about apparently in strange nooks and corners. The Rev. Mr. Curwen, who is the director of this Association, next testifies about stringed instruments. We submit the following specimen of his evidence to "counsel learned in the law." The curious experiments in acoustics of Prof. Helmholtz have set his wits "a-gadding." At least, every one

would be glad to know what is meant by the passage we cite:—

"To deprive a tone of its harmonic octave would be a great impoverishment, but what if, by similar means (by hitting in the right place), you could deprive it of the sharp dissonant 'wiry' harmonics, $t^2 d^3 r^1 m^2$, which lie so close together by the third octave? Then surely you would have enough of *fullness* and all the richness without the *hardness*. That 'right place' for hitting on the modes of the dissonant harmonics is, according to the Professor's principles, the very same which the practical men have found out by accident."

Next testifies Mr. Bourke on 'Figured Basses,'—and so darkly mysterious is his evidence that we will not here attempt to get behind the "seven veils." To this succeed Mr. Longbottom's paper 'On the Use of Writing in Elementary Classes,' and "the discussion, by request of several influential teachers, on the question of Mr. Curwen's claims as regards his copyright in the tonic sol-fa notation." Where were the representatives of M. Émile Chévé, of Paris, who was to be heard of some twenty-five years ago, and who entered the lists of teaching class-singing by logarithmic notation, against Wilhem, who, on his side, had only adopted and adapted the method of Nägeli, of Zurich—even as Mr. Hullah adapted and adopted Wilhem's method for England? Mr. Kennedy's paper, 'On the Extension of Instrumental Music among Tonic Sol-Fa-ists,' is in the right key of a collection such as this. Mr. Proudman turns up, for a third time, as an exponent of 'Music and Morality,' and is fierce and sanctimonious, and, if sincere, very absurd. Mr. Evans speaks to "the training of boys' voices." Seeing that boys' voices change inevitably, it might be suggested, that whereas the musical training of boys could be made too complete, their vocal exercises might wait till such time as the settled organ for song presented itself. One would be glad to have the name of a single "marvellous boy" who has shot up into a great singer—Braham being the exception that proves the rule. Mr. Thomas Ryder (A.C.) is dismally stupid in his communication on the subject of Psalmody, and apparently disapproves of organs; on both subjects rebuked by Mr. Curwen. Next comes the rebuker's essay 'On the Stops of the Harmonium,' that cheap and shabby substitute for the glorious old organ. Stops more, or stops less, the "Harmonium" is only, at best, an economical makeshift for the great instrument, having generic peculiarities of tone which become to some ears intolerable. Mrs. A. T. Stapleton, another A.C., prefaches a long and amusing article 'On Voice-Training by the Italian System,' by declaring that "writing a paper is a task for which she is totally unfitted, having had a private education!" We shall merely give one or two valuable paragraphs:—

"Miss Glover—when I went on my visit of inquiry to Norwich, as to the comparative merits of the two systems (which I had Mr. Curwen's full approbation for doing)—urged me to use a Sol-fa Harmonicon in my classes, in order to cultivate purity of intonation, and softness of delivery of tone. She used one herself, and drilled her pupils to sing with it two years on twelve short canons. Thus she formed their voices, and very musical and soft they certainly became. In accordance with her advice, I purchased one, before I left Norwich, of Mr. R. Warne, who manufactured Miss Glover's, and commenced using it as soon as I returned home. But both my scholars and myself soon tired of it; for besides the annoyance of being treated as a dangerous fellow-traveller in every omnibus that I entered, with my suspicious brown-papered-baby-coffin shaped parcel, the children lost all interest in it, and as I could not force them to submit to such *irksome* drill,—like Miss Glover, who was almost the sole support of many of her pupils' education and future hopes in life,—I should soon

have lost them from the class. The glasses also occasionally got broke, and we had to wait till the maker could find time and opportunity to send us new ones from Norwich, so that I was obliged to give up *voice-training* by Sol-fa *Harmonicon*."

The "Italian system" includes, according to Mrs. Stapleton, devices as suspicious as "the brown-papered-baby-coffin." Some professors make their pupils practise with half-a-crown in their mouths. Mrs. Stapleton "thinks a florin, or, if that is too large, a shilling, might be advantageously held between the teeth *when a looking-glass cannot be used*." Practising with a looking-glass in the mouth must be a "parlous" sport. We believe wedges have been used to give the mouth a good *sit*; and have even heard that the broad, ample smile of Pasta, which no one can have forgotten that ever saw her receive the homage of her subjects, owed some of its charm to mechanical appliances.

Enough of this shilling's worth of empirical conceit. We may be thought to have devoted more time and attention to the matter than its folly merits; but we have too much respect for the noble art of Music, to see it debased by the intrusion of quackery, without now and then offering our "screed of doctrine."

MUSICAL EDUCATION.

In lieu of commenting in detail on the evidence given before the Musical Education Committee of the Society of Arts, we present the Minute passed by that body on the 1st inst., which has been forwarded to us.—

"1. It appears from the evidence that the Royal Academies of Music of Paris, Brussels, and Naples furnish instances of highly-successful institutions, on an extensive scale, and present especially useful suggestions for the re-organization of the Royal Academy of Music. At Paris above 600 out-door students, selected from all parts of France, are educated; and at Naples between 200 and 300 students are trained. In both cases the education is gratuitous to the students, the expenses being paid by the state. At Brussels there are above 500 students, whose expenses are defrayed partly by the state and partly by the municipalities.

"2. The Committee are of opinion that a National Academy for the United Kingdom, its colonies and dependencies, should provide for the instruction of a certain number of students supported by public funds, and a certain other number paying adequate fees. They consider that at present about 200 students might be fixed as a proper number to receive gratuitous training; and that of this number 100, selected by public competition, should be supported by public funds disbursed under ministerial responsibility; the remainder, if possible, by colonial, municipal, or other corporate funds and by private endowments and subscriptions. Arrangements should then be made to allow about 100 private students in addition to enter and pay adequate fees for their instruction; but this number ought not to be allowed to outgrow the number of students in training without very careful consideration of the responsible managers.

"3. The Committee are of opinion that, as our colonies and India send many young persons to this country for general education, it might reasonably be expected that they would be induced to send persons having musical gifts for musical education if the training were as efficient as it might be.

"4. So far as the Committee are enabled to judge from the evidence, they consider that the cost of properly training 200 free students would be about 15,000*l.* sterling a year, being at an average rate of 75*l.* a year for each student. Out of this sum grants for maintenance, at varying rates, might be allowed to the students, in accordance with the system which is found to work so successfully in the Art-Training Schools at South Kensington. Some students might hold scholarships without receiving any maintenance allow-

ance; and the Committee have reason to hope that private individuals will come forward and endow scholarships."

The above, it will be owned, is, in every sense, vague enough,—a result which might have been arrived at without the expenditure of a twelvemonth in the collection of testimony. We are assured, however, that the recommendations embodied in it have the concurrence of "the Directors of the Royal Academy of Music." This statement, we conceive, will have small allurement for the public, unaccompanied as it is by the slightest hint of reform or remedy contemplated. Some comprehensive scheme for the reconstruction of an establishment proved by universal testimony to have been so utterly inefficient, because managed on principles radically vicious, should have been propounded, we submit, ere any attempt to raise money was proposed. As matters stand, there is no guarantee that the code of management and of discipline will be revised; none that the list of Professors will be weeded. This measure of selection, however inevitable, must be so distasteful to many that, in its distastefulness, lies one among the many arguments in favour of complete destruction, as more practicable and efficient, and less offensive, than reconstruction. Having been the first, years ago, to point out the uselessness of the Royal Academy, and to advocate the justice of Government liberality as applied to Music, we strongly press on all who take interest in the question to observe that the Committee's recorded opinion leaves the matter where it was. If plan there be in the background, which we imagine may be the case, such should be stated openly, and openly canvassed, as a matter of first importance. It has seemed significant to many that Directors of the existing institution, which has been taken in hand with a view to its improvement, should have formed part of the Committee,—that Committeemen were allowed to testify,—and that no musician was invited to join it. That an attempt to force a case in favour of the Royal Academy has been made was evident to all under examination. It becomes yet more clear to any impartial reader of the Report. Observe, for instance, the appendical list, F, of country professors solemnly furnished in its defence—by a Director of the Academy, a Committeeman, and a witness. Only two out of the fifty-four enumerated hold a first-class position in the provincial towns they inhabit, as reference to the *Musical Directory* will sufficiently prove! Observe, on the other hand, that the specification of our London orchestral-players furnished to this journal (No. 1998, p. 212)—incontrovertible as disproof of the assertion that our orchestras are largely composed of pupils of the Royal Academy, frequently put forward in mitigation of censure, and which may be pointed to as one of the most valuable pieces of testimony tendered on the question,—has not been here reprinted. It will further be seen that a scheme uppermost in the mind of the Committee has been to locate the Academy, patched or unpatched, at South Kensington. All these things denote a foregone conclusion; the attempt to work out which claims the most wary watching on the part of those who do not desire to see public money and private munificence placed at the disposal of a coterie, made up of those inexperienced in the special subject and of those who are naturally enough not disinclined, for self-importance sake, to perpetuate existing abuses, or, at best, to have recourse to feeble half-measures, which will satisfy no one. It is impossible to speak out too explicitly at the time present,—too emphatically to declare that the Minute above cited, as it stands, has small substantial weight or value.

ASTLEY'S.—This theatre opened on Saturday for a brief season, during which it is underlet to Miss Sophie Young, who has provided herself with a new version of Miss Braddon's novel, under the title of 'The Mysteries of Audley Court.' The adapter is Mr. John Brougham, who has attempted from the materials to construct a regular five-act drama, making the heroine the central figure throughout. We cannot congratulate the playwright on his success. The first three acts are

tedious. In the fourth act the mystery is partly cleared up, and some interest is created. The fifth is languid in its movement, and the catastrophe is unprepared for by the development of circumstances, and as a surprise is singularly deficient in startling effect. Miss Young had serious difficulties to contend with in this state of matters, and in the course of the action suffered seriously from the intractability of the business she had to transact. Such a part as Lady Audley is too strong, either for her *moral* or her *physique*; nevertheless, her intelligence is considerable, and her knowledge of the histrionic art has evidently been well cultivated. We believe that she is a pupil of Mr. Ryder, who introduced Stella Colas to the English boards, on whose style Miss Young has formed herself. We even find the foreign accent! Her action is extravagant and incessant, and it provoked criticism to the extent of rousing a demonstration of the pit, in the fourth act, which we thought would have ruined the play. The actress here summoned all her energy, and showed that she was in earnest; her false art gave way in the presence of danger. She became for a short time natural, and redeemed the situation,—helped, doubtless, by the fact that the drama at this point rises in interest. In the fifth act, the declaration of her madness failed to excite sympathy. The characters were strongly cast, but so drawn as to be generally unthankful; the curtain, nevertheless, fell to applause, and the actors were recalled. The scenery, which is excellent throughout, is by Mr. Brew; the Lime-tree Walk, in particular, is admirably painted and set.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THAT English interest in church-music is on the increase there can be no doubt. Choral and parochial meetings are to be heard of on every side, in every shire; and among other moves in the right direction is the Bill which (to quote from the *Orchestra*) "has been brought into Parliament to empower the Commissioners to raise the salaries of the minor canons, the vicars choral, singing men, the singing schoolmasters, and all persons engaged in the performance of divine worship in Cathedrals. This power has been inserted in the Bill by our Prime Minister, who insisted that the surplus income derived from cathedrals should first be appropriated to securing adequate and proper income to those persons who really did the work in cathedral celebrations."—Simultaneously with the above comes the Report of those who have the charge of the school of military music at Kneller Hall. This is satisfactory, in every point of view save one. By way of comment, we cannot do better than transcribe our contemporary's words: "It only remains to be hoped that the time may come when the officers of the army shall be relieved from the tax now imposed upon them, of maintaining regimental bands at their own expense,—and when, as in all other states, the military music of the country shall be admitted as a charge on the national revenue, quite as legitimate as the cost of providing the arms and equipments of the soldier."

The last Ballad Concert but one at the *Crystal Palace* was attended by 15,000 persons. There was another this week.

Mr. Mellon has already given a Mendelssohn night, a Gounod night, and one mainly devoted to the over-rated old music to 'Macbeth.'

Mr. Tom Hohler appeared the other evening, with Mlle. Tietjens, in the garden-act of 'Faust.'—A Mlle. Wizik sang the part of *Zerlina* in the act of 'Don Giovanni' which was given on the last night of Mr. Mapleson's season.

Among other touring parties in our provinces during the autumn will be one headed by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington.

"A sincere lover of music, living in the country," wishes for some information concerning a company of Italian singers "who have been amazing the rural audiences of South Wales," and who seem to him to be "fit for any stage." The names of Signor Tencuoli, Signori Gambetti, Viganotti, and Fiorini, are new to us. They are accompanied by Signor Paggi, whose instrument is the flute. If these artists are really of the calibre which our

Correspondent supposes, their presence in these parts is a puzzle.

The modest gentleman who goes the round of our musical world under the style and title of "Paganini *redivivus*," has had a piece written for him to personate the sublime and eccentric Genoese violinist, which has been played in the west of England.

Méhul's 'Joseph' is under revival at the Opéra Comique.—The 'Mignon' of M. Ambroise Thomas is to be the first novelty there.—The first novelty to be given at the Théâtre Lyrique is the 'Sardanapalus' of M. Victorin de Joncières—an amateur, we believe, whose music illustrative of 'Hamlet' was performed in Paris a year or two since.—M. Offenbach is preparing music for a grand fairy spectacle to be given at the Théâtre du Châtelet during the Exhibition of 1867. "There is a question," says the *Gazette Musicale*, quoting another journal, "of a grand choral meeting, to which the singers of all nations are welcome, to be held at the opening of the Exhibition. Every choral society or body of Orphéonistes, whatever be its number, nature, or place of residence, may take part, and sing what best pleases it. The first prize is one of 10,000 francs." What a task for the arbiters!—MM. Fournier and Wekerlin were the artist and author selected by the manager of the Grand Opéra to compose the *Cantata* performed there on the Emperor's *éte*-day.—M. Devoyod, one of the successful pupils of the *Conservatoire*, has been engaged at the same theatre.

The *Gazette Musicale* announces the discovery of a composition by Mozart at the age of ten years, produced for the installation of the Stadtholder, William of Orange the Fifth. It is in ten movements, and is written for harpsichord, stringed quartett, two hautboys, two horns, and a bassoon, and is described as very remarkable, the youth of its writer considered.

Three hundred unpublished letters of Beethoven, we are told, are in the hands of Mr. Thayer, and will be given to the public with the *Biography*, now in the press.

Musical festivals are to be organized in Belgium, after the fashion of those in England and Germany.

M. Georges Kastner, who has published one or two books of some curiosity and research on subjects connected with music,—among others, 'The Cries of Paris,'—has just brought out one with a not very comprehensible title, 'The Paremiology of Music,'—a collection of the proverbs, sayings and allusions to which the art has given occasion.

It is said that Herr Wagner is at work on an opera, the subject of which is 'Frederic Barbarossa.'—A new 'Lorelei' (it is said the fifth opera on the legend) is in hand at Dresden. The composer is Herr Fischer, an organist.

It is understood that Mr. Harrison intends to enter on a new career—as an actor.

The Theatre in Holborn is to be opened with a new piece by Mr. Boucicault.—Miss Herbert will begin her season at St. James's with another new drama from the same source.—A third, as we have said, will be produced at the Lyceum Theatre on its re-opening; in this the author and his wife will appear.

Mr. Sothern, it is said, intends to play the part of *Claude Melnotte* during the round of his country engagements.—The original *Pauline* of 'The Lady of Lyons,' Miss Helen Faust, is advertised as having accepted an engagement at Drury Lane.

MISCELLANEA

The Roman Mint of London.—At the Archaeological Institute Mr. J. F. W. De Salis read a paper 'On the Coins issued by the Roman Mint of London from A.D. 287 to A.D. 330.' He commenced with a description of the early coins of Carausius, which are of inferior workmanship and without mint-marks. These were succeeded during the later part of his reign and that of Allectus, by coins of better fabric, bearing the mint-marks of London and Camulodunum, copper only being found of the latter. The coins of Carausius and

Allectus were struck between 287 and 296, and all the remaining coins with the mint-marks L, LN or LON belong to the reign of Constantine. After the restoration in 296, we have, instead of the copper denarius issued by the two usurpers, a larger coin called the *follis*, which gradually decreases in size from, say a penny, to a farthing. No gold was issued in London during this period, but there are billon coins with the exergual mark, PLN, of Constantine and his sons. Having described the coins in issue from 296 to 333, Mr. De Salis remarked that the suppression of the mint of London was one of the many administrative changes which attended the transfer to the east of the imperial residence. It had become an establishment of little importance, not having coined anything but copper and billon since the downfall of Allectus. A temporary revival of this mint took place under Magnus Maximus, who rebelled in Britain in 383. There are very rare gold solidi with the mint-mark AVGB, which are much more likely to belong to Londinium Augustus than to Augusta Treverorum, of which we have similar coins of the same usurper, marked TROB and SMTR. No coins with the mint-mark AVGB have been found of the successors of Magnus Maximus, and it is probable that the mint of London, which he was obliged to revive after his successful rebellion, was again closed when he found himself in possession of the western empire after the overthrow of Gratian.

Crabbe and Great Yarmouth.—Mr. J. G. Nall writes with reference to the review on his 'Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft':—"I am charged with attempting to claim Crabbe as a Yarmouth worthy, and with suggesting that Yarmouth was 'the borough' of the poet's verse. In reply, permit me to quote the passage inculpated. 'He (Crabbe) was a frequent visitor to Yarmouth. His son relates that he carried there the MS. of 'The Borough' for completion, and for the inspection of his judicious friend, the Rev. Richard Turner, without whose counsel he decided on nothing, and adds, 'Can it be questioned that he trod that beach again, to which he had so often returned after some pleasing event, with somewhat more of honest satisfaction, on account of the distinguished success of his late poems?' His description of the amusements of a bathing-place was assuredly drawn from the sands and quay-side of Yarmouth." I submit that in no case can the paragraph be fairly made to carry the construction the reviewer has placed on it.—The word 'border,' noticed as omitted, will be found in my Glossary, under its usual Suffolk pronunciation of 'bawda,' with the strong sense attached which it is usually employed to convey in East Anglia."

Shakespeare Readings.—Mr. J. Nichols says of the passage,

This drachm of eale

Doth all the noble substance of a doubt

To his own scandal,—

and of the emendations proposed in our last number, "Why alter it at all? The passage as it stands contains within it its own explanation. The word 'doth' is the third person singular, present tense, of the verb *to do*, which means, according to Johnson, 'to make anything what it is not,' and he gives Shakespeare as his authority,

Off with the crown, and with the crown his head,
And, whilst we breath, take time to do him dead.

The word *of* is the sign of the ablative, and is used indifferently by Shakespeare with *by*. These being admitted, the passage is clear enough. Hamlet is lamenting to his friend the drunken habits of his countrymen, and says, 'Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace, as infinite as man can undergo, shall in the general censure take corruption from this particular fault. This drachm of ill (i.e. this drunkenness, this fault) doth (i.e. converts, changes) all the noble substance, of a doubt, (i.e. by a doubt, by bringing its sinfulness in question) to his own scandal.'—On this and other passages H. D. writes, "1. Act i, sc. 4—

The dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt

To his own scandal.

Mr. Dyce and Dr. Elze read 'dram of eale' for 'eale'; Mr. C. Knight reads 'ill,' as being the more correct quantity. Mr. Dyce reads 'eft'

debâs, Dr. Elze 'often daub,' and Mr. Knight 'often dout' for 'of a doubt.' None of these readings appear to me to carry out the drift of the context wherein Hamlet so emphatically insists that one little drop of evil *always* corrupts the whole mass, that he would not, I think, wind up by saying it *often* does so. I would, therefore, read as more probable,

The dram of ill
Doth all the noble substance over-dowt
To his own scandal.

2. Act iii, sc. 4—

For use almost can change the stamp of nature
And master the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.

For 'master the devil' three proposed readings are mentioned, viz., *either master the devil, either curb the devil, and either usher the devil*. Why import the 'either'?—why not read

To master the Devil and throw him out.

First overcome the Devil, being enabled to do so by exercising a given tone of thought and feeling, and then cast him out. "Of habits, Devil" (instead of *evil*) should stand to preserve the contrast in the text

Of habits, Devil—is Angel yet in this.

3. Act iv, sc. 5—'They aim at it' is surely the correct reading; to 'gape at it,' as proposed, would entirely change the sense. To 'aim' at Ophelia's meaning is to try to find it out, to *hit* it, instead of listlessly 'gape' at her. Without pursuing the matter further, I wish to protest against alterations of, and additions to, a text without something like a certainty that they are *restorations*.

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10th August, 1866.*

CHARLES CHATFIELD, Esq., in the Chair.

The Directors have the satisfaction of reporting to the Proprietors that, in pursuance of the resolutions unanimously passed at the Special General Meeting held in April last, the amalgamation of the National Mercantile Assurance Society with the Eagle has been carried into effect, and two of the Directors of that Society—Mr. Wilcoxon (heretofore the Chairman) and Mr. William Frederick De La Rue—now occupy seats at the Eagle Board.

The following account exhibits the increased income and outgoing of the year arising from the junction, which, it may be remembered, takes effect retrospectively, and the Balance Sheet shows the Assets as they existed on the 30th of June last, augmented by those just transferred.

By the Surplus Fund Account it will be seen that the total income from premiums and interest is £83,376. 0s. 11d., and the total outgoing, £14,790. 13s. 6d. The difference, £68,585. 7s. 5d., and the Surplus Fund contributed by the amalgamated society, viz., £151,545. 8s. 6d., increase the Surplus Fund of the Company to £90,095. 8s.

The premiums on new assurances are considerably less than those of the foregoing year; but, at the same time, a much smaller portion of them has been devoted to re-assurance.

The change in the financial position of the Company precludes an exact comparison with former years. The expenses of management of the Eagle for the year are almost identical in amount with those of the last. The expenses of the National Mercantile Society will, of course, henceforth cease.

Deducting the several items payable on demand, or at an early maturity, the realized Assets, as set forth in the Balance Sheet, amount to £2,559,135. 4s. 8d. Of this sum £18,340. belongs exclusively to the Proprietors, £451,690. 16s. 8d., exclusively to the Policy Holders, and £90,095. 8s. partly to the one and partly to the other. The last two items subject, of course, to exact adjustment at each quinquennial investigation.

It remains only for the Directors to mention that, since the last Annual Meeting, the Company has lost, by the decease of Sir William Gore Ouseley, and by the retirement of Mr. Gould, the services of two of the members of the Board. Both gentlemen were much respected, and it is with great regret that the Directors have to make this announcement.

£ 5,830,163. 14s. 4d., less 4,398,463. 17s. 8d.

SURPLUS FUND ACCOUNT.

INCOME OF THE YEAR.

Dr.	Cr.
Balance of Account, June 30, 1865	£674,964 12 1
Ditto National Mercantile Society	151,545 8 6
	£826,510 0 7
Premiums on New Assurances	£31,553 18 10
Ditto Old ditto	334,800 3 7
	376,354 2 5
Interest from Investments	107,021 18 6
Total Income	483,376 0 11
	<hr/> £1,313,886 1 6

CHARGE OF THE YEAR.

Cr.	£	Dr.
Dividend to Proprietors	265,399	17 6
Claims on decease of Lives Assured, &c.	22,574	13 7
Additions to those under Participating Policies	23,289	5 5
Policies surrendered	6,951	16 5
Re-assurances, New	55,344	12 10
Ditto Old	373,559	11 9
Commission	10,405	0 10
Medical Fees	892	14 4
Income-tax	2,017	17 3
Expenses of Management	12,482	10 8
Ditto National Mercantile Society	6,012	1 2
Total Charge	414,790	13 6
Balance of Account, 30th June, 1866, as below	890,095	8 0
	<hr/> £1,313,886	1 6

Examined and approved,

THOMAS ALLEN, }
HENRY ROSE, } Auditors.

BALANCE SHEET.

LIABILITIES.

Dr.	Cr.
Interest due to Proprietors	£6,086 3 9
Claims on decease of Lives Assured and additions thereto unpaid	60,748 9 11
Cash Bonus due to Policyholders	538 6 1
Sundry Accounts	69,624 9 11
Value of Sum Assured	5,840,163 14 4
Proprietors' Fund	£178,340 0 0
Surplus Fund, as above	890,095 8 0
	1,077,435 8 0
	<hr/> £7,114,596 12 0

ASSETS.

Cr.	£	Dr.
Amount invested in fixed Mortgages	1,317,142	13 2
Decreasing Mortgages	192,349	8 10
Reversions	477,590	15 11
Funded Securities	334,424	2 5
Temporary Securities	50,134	1 6
Current Interest on the above Investments	31,783	17 10
Cash and Bills	17,744	10 2
Advanced on Security of the Company's Policies	162,567	7 9
Agents' Balances	34,231	6 5
Sundry Accounts	60,500	5 8
Value of Premiums	4,398,464	17 0
Value of Re-assurances	44,173	14 8
	<hr/> £7,114,596	12 0

Examined and approved,

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The DIRECTION of the COMPANY is now constituted as follows:—

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